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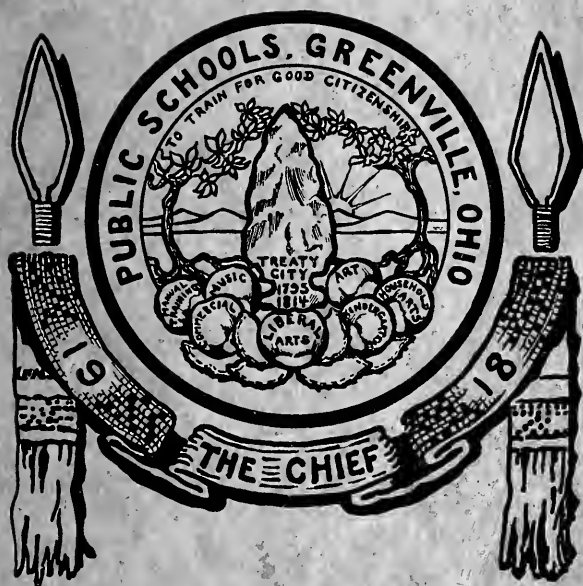
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*Fun .. Eaton.*

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# *The Chief.*

*Published by The Senior Class  
of the Greenville High School*



*With the Aid and Assistance of the  
Students of the Greenville  
High School*

VOLUME VIII

MAY 1918

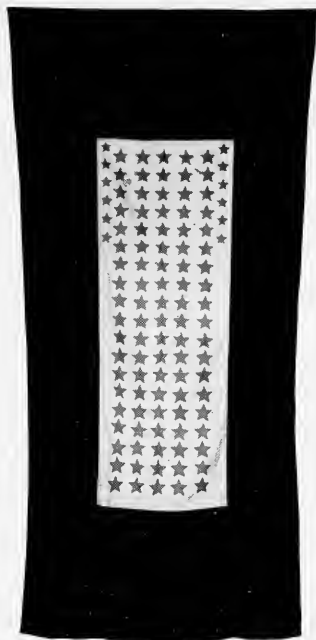
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Allen County Public Library  
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

: : : : Dedication : : : :

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THIS volume is dedicated to the soldier  
boys who have gone forth from our  
High School to fight the battles of  
their country for freedom and lasting peace.



Made by the Domestic Science Department.

## FELLOWS THAT ARE IN THE U. S. SERVICE THAT ATTENDED G. H. S.

Warren Husted  
Don Merrill  
Walter Jeffries  
Roland Gilbert  
Russell Gilbert  
Chalmer Brown  
Joe Martz  
Leo Nelson  
Herbert Vance  
Francis Grise  
Chester Menke  
Otto Longenecker  
Griffis Eidson  
Willard Eidson  
Roll Markwith  
Roll Culbertson  
Harry Kirby  
Anderson Snorf  
Ben Ream  
Glen Hartzell  
Robert Craig  
William Klinger  
Orison Browder  
Frank Stevens  
Howard Yount  
Virgil Reppeto  
Frank Clear

Earl Moore  
Charles Clemens  
Paul York  
Lowell White  
John Eyer  
Dick Turner  
Glen Shultz  
Herber Burns  
Earl Whiteley  
Ben Hur  
Howard Weaver  
Erk Cottrell  
Mat. Hunter  
Lolyd Culbertson  
Charles Sackett  
Harold Teegarden  
Chester Teegarden  
Harry Minnich  
Jay Wright  
Walter Coombs  
Ed. Livingston  
Homer Haynes  
John Meeker  
Claude Payne  
Russell Whitesell  
Robert Meyers  
Perry Hall

George Kuntz  
William Hunt  
Dan Ryan  
Zachary Lansdowne  
Lewis Foutz  
David Gaskill  
Gladden Searle  
Chester Goens (dead)  
Elwood Hough  
Joyce Hough  
Albert Casanova  
Ora Lantz  
Ben Dills  
Eugene Ketcham  
Heber Fitzgerald  
Roy Jamison  
Joyce VanLue  
Clarence Patty  
Bob Mannix  
Verne Pearce  
George Sando  
Guy Warner  
Victor Schell  
Fred Holzapfel  
Virgil Roland  
Fern Fowble  
Fred Gauvey

Joe Eikenberry  
Herschel Kriekenberger  
Glen Martin  
Webster Reck  
Ted Dorman  
Geo. Mannix  
Wilbur Oda  
Geo. Keefauver  
Clifford Craig  
Clark Mote  
Clifford Bayman  
Ralph Lockett  
Ralph Dunkle  
Robert Kinkead  
Charles Diveley  
Luther Mikesell  
Dr. Arthur Gunkel  
Dr. James Morningstar  
Carl Daubenmire  
Carl Wright  
Albert Renz  
Ward Stoltz  
Paul Mackley  
Clyde Stephens  
Harry Hall  
Elmer Mong  
Frank Dunham

10/87



## Foreword.

FOR the past seven years it has been the custom for the Senior Class to edit "THE CHIEF." This year the honor has fallen upon the Class of '18. The hearty co-operation of every member of the High School has aided in THE CHIEF's publication. Great credit should be given to the advertisers who have given their loyal support. We have endeavored to bring to the reader a feeling of High School life and the memories of G. H. S. If we have accomplished this we feel repaid for our effort.

In this crisis of the world's history when every effort of the American people is to help win the World War we feel it our duty to put out a War Annual.

The call has gone out across the country to stand by the government. It has come to our High School. Without an exception every one has responded. We are all ready to stand by the "Great Chief," President Wilson. So with this idea foremost we present to you THE CHIEF of 1918.

JAMES EMERSON THOMAS.



## The Faculty



EVELYN ROBERTS  
Music



MYRA SWISHER  
English



ANNA BIER  
Art



FREDERICK ROEHM  
Principal



MINOR MCCOOL  
Superintendent



HARRY C. METZGER  
Physics and Chemistry



FLOYD G. BEAM  
Athletics and Manual Training



GRACE COWLES  
Household Arts



EDNA KIDWELL  
History and English



EUGENIA TROUT PATTERSON  
Latin and Spanish



D. H. WHEELER  
History



ALICE WINGER  
English and Mathematics



MABEL E. BRINDLEY  
Phys. Tr. and Household Arts



W. D. STERRETT  
Mathematics and Science



HELEN H. CALDWELL  
Commercial Department



G. A. MCCLEARY  
Mathematics



LELIA B. BRINDLEY  
English



J. W. GOWDY  
General Science and Latin

# The Annual Staff

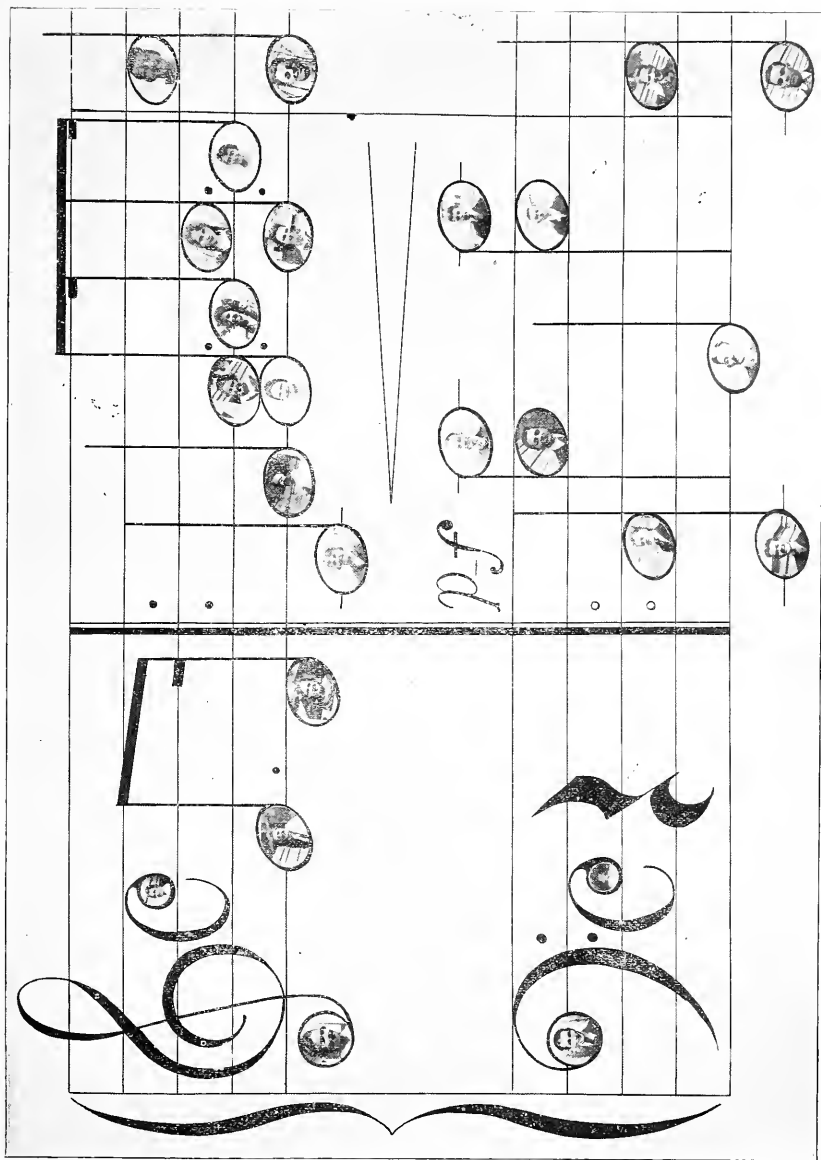
Editor-in-Chief .....	James Thomas
Assistant .....	Ruth Weisenbarger
Business Managers .....	Burley Laurimore Leland Blackwell Anna Mae McClellan
Literary Editors .....	Florence Byrd Doyle Warner
Art Editors .....	Stanley Young Marie Pearce
Organization Editors .....	Kate Warner Olive Pierce
Athletic Editors...	Bloice Davison Walter Gilbert Agnes Altick
Humor Editors .....	Bernard Menke Ralph Vance Paul Halladay
Staff Secretary .....	Mary Warner
Typists .....	Purl Warner Flora Thomas Ina Beanblossom Norma Powell

## Class Reporters

Freshman .....	Harvey Rush
Sophomore .....	Alice Kimmel
Junior .....	Amba Armbruster







(Try this on your piano.)

THE CHIEF'S STAFF



# Editorial

## WAR.

TO the soldiers of our country we owe our highest praise. The heroes who are going forth when the tide of youth is full, are marching away from those they love. Mothers are giving those who are nearest their hearts. Sweethearts are giving those they love. Some are giving brothers and all are giving friends to the great cause of humanity. The old veteran of other wars who has a son, is giving him to that cause for which he fought. The husband is bidding his wife goodbye perhaps for the last time. They are marching away to the shell swept plains and there are fighting the battles for their country. Under the flags of freedom they are offering their last full measure of devotion for democracy.

Amid the cries of dying and the scream of shot and shell they are living their last few moments. The peace of death comes over them. They lay at rest upon their mother earth, upon the fields their blood made free, beneath the quiet of the sky. The world may live on beneath the starry flag of freedom; they are at rest. Our liberty, our lives, our country rests upon the soldiers who are laying their lives on the altars of their countries. Ages may pass, but the memories of those heroes will live as bright and full and fair as the unclouded sun.

JAMES EMERSON THOMAS.



## RETORICALS

VARYING to some extent the plan of previous years in regard to rhetorical, a new system was instituted this year, whereby each class presents a program especially fitting some particular season. The occasions chosen for these entertainments were: Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's Birthday and May Day. We were favored in being allowed the use of the Memorial Hall for this purpose.

The benefits derived from rhetorical are numerous. Those participating are especially benefitted, as they are given training for future life. It is a great asset to be able to appear before the public and retain your equilibrium. There are times in everyone's life when he would be glad if he were able to get on his feet and express his true sentiments in a few well-chosen words. Where could this ability be better developed than in the High School?

But even if only a limited number may derive the specified value from rhetorical, each member of the school profits by them. Here in G. H. S. where pupils are seated in seven different assemblies, the entire school is seldom brought together, and it is necessary, in order to develop enthusiastic school spirit, that the High School should assemble at times.

What times are more appropriate than those chosen for the rhetorical programs? As we know "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." One of the important features of this work is the entertainment it provides. It puts a new spice in the school work to know that something special is being prepared. A new interest is awakened in the school as a whole.

Then what could produce more class spirit, more loyalty and co-operation among the members of a given class than just such a rhetorical program? Each person feels a certain interest and responsibility in the program which his class produces, and is ever ready to do his utmost too make it a success.

So, we see that these rhetorical are helpful as well as entertaining, and hope that they shall continue to produce the same enthusiastic response as in the past years.

RUTH WEISENBARGER, '18.



## OUR PLEDGE

THE call has come. Ten million young men have stepped forward in a body to the defense of the nation. In times of peace we think of the armies as composed of veterans--men mature, stern, self-controlling, invincible. Not until war is upon us, and on every hand we see young boys answering the call and donning the army uniform, do we realize that armies are made up of those who are little more than boys, uniformed immature, their characters still in the making.

Greenville High School is proud that we now have boys who have made this sacrifice and are fighting for us and our country. The question which we must now ask ourselves is: Are we worthy of the sacrifice, the trust and confidence which these boys have placed in us? The man must be dead of soul to whom the war does not present a mighty moral challenge. It arraigns our past manner of life and our very civilization. It gives us a new angle of observing, a new point of view, a new test of values. It furnishes a possible moral judgment by which we can weigh our life in the balance and see where we have been found wanting.

To these American boys who have gone to war in order that democracy and the free institutions, which we now enjoy, may continue and be forever freed from the threatening menace of Autocracy, we pledge our loyal support.

PAUL DOUGLASS '19.



## SCHOOL VISITATION

ONE of the unreasonable questions which attract the attention of the people of today is: "Why do people not get acquainted with their home institutions?"

About the plainest proof of this can be seen in reference to the Public Schools of this city. These are only too glad to open their doors to the public, in order to let them know what we are doing. However, it seems that the people feel as if they were not wanted to investigate the workings of the schools. Very few people really understand the school system here in Greenville.

To remedy this defect the school authorities have instituted a "Visitors' Day." This has caused the people to become a little more interested, but it is not enough.

People of Greenville and vicinity are urged to visit the schools, both the grades and High School, any time they are able to do so and as often as they can. They are the supporters of this institution and should not only take for granted that the schools are being conducted properly, but they should know that the youth of the land is being prepared properly for life's great work.

FLORENCE BYRD '18.

## DO YOUR BEST

ON every side we hear the call to the nation's colors, "enlist in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy." But in what can you enlist and in what can I enlist? Possibly neither you nor I can enlist in the forces that shall follow the star-spangled banner into Berlin, waving for a glorious victory. But all of us can and must assist in gaining that victory quickly and surely.

Our government asks us to conserve food. They ask us to eat less wheat, meat and fats, and to use substitutes. Here we may help, for what appetite can equal that of an adolescent? When the Y. M. C. A. campaign was taken up, G. H. S. responded nobly. Also we did not forget to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Loans. The girls of the High School are knitting and sewing for the Red Cross. Truly we may say we are trying to "do our bit."

But there is another side, yes, the most important side of all. Our time, our hours, minutes and seconds are ours and what are we doing with them? Time is money and we owe it to ourselves, our school, our friends, to use it wisely. But in this great world crisis it is our patriotic duty, our duty to mankind to waste not a minute of this valuable asset. We must spend it in preparing ourselves to carry on the work which our soldiers are fighting for, to spread liberty throughout the world. It is for us to make ourselves worthy of the Sammies "over there."

LOIS BRUMBAUGH '18.



## CLARA BARTON AND THE RED CROSS

THE Red Cross is a society organized to provide relief for the sick and wounded in war. An international conference first met at Geneva in October, 1863, as a result of a movement begun by M. Jean Henri Durant, a Swiss who had been successful in interesting the Swiss Federal Council in the work. Over forty nations have now joined the association. The National Society established in the United States in 1881 was for a long time under the management of Clara Barton. She extended the scope of the relief work and arranged for giving assistance to the needy in public calamities other than war. In 1905 a special act of Congress dissolved the society then existing and incorporated a new organization to operate under government supervision.

Clara Barton, who was the founder of the Red Cross Society in the United States, was born in Oxford, Mass., in 1821, and educated in Clinton. During the Civil War she devoted herself to the care of the wounded soldiers in the battlefield and in hospitals, and was employed by President Lincoln in the search for missing Union soldiers. After the war she lectured on her experiences in the United States and in Europe in the Franco-German war. She became identified with the International Red Cross Society in care of soldiers, receiving at the close of the war the decoration of the golden Cross of Baden and the iron cross of Germany in recognition of her services. This is where our badge of the Red Cross Society of a red Maltese cross on the white background originated. Upon her return to the United States she was instrumental in organizing the American Red Cross Society in 1881, of which she was president until 1904. In 1883, at the request of the United States Senate, she prepared the history of the Red Cross, and the next year she represented the United States in the Red Cross Conference at Geneva, Switzerland.

CLARA BRAND '20.

## AFTER SCHOOL WHAT?

We part, perhaps never to meet again. But whatever work we choose as our profession, where ever our lot may be cast, we must win our way to the highest scores obtainable.

There are many advantageous methods of succeeding. Some of us may go to college, others may be offered the opportunity and refuse it, but many others will be compelled to begin their life's work without further education. But whichever route we may travel, whichever path we may choose, let it be sufficient to say, we shall aim to reach the highest and most cherished goals of life; success, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

RUTH A. SCHERER '18.



## OUR BRIEF EXPERIENCE WITH A SINGLE SESSION.

IN accord with its past reputation of being able to make the best of what was inevitable, during the coal shortage, G. H. S. formed a plan for conserving coal, and yet not diminishing the amount of work accomplished. This plan was to have a session lasting from 7:50 until 12:30 in the morning, eliminating entirely the afternoon session. Of course it changed some of our regular plans. For instance, instead of getting up at 7 o'clock and being at school by 8:30, you were forced to get up at 6 (This, Mr. Roehm says, is good for you) and be at school by 8. Most of us succeeded, and those who didn't, paid the penalty as sinners should, by missing all their recitations. When the 11:30 whistle blew you dreamed of something to eat and your stomach felt hollow. Another whole hour and then some good Samaritan passed you a biscuit or a morsel of candy, which made you feel that school was worth while. When 12:30 came you flocked to the door with visions in your minds of the whole afternoon off or do as you pleased, and a warm dinner, perhaps fried chicken. But when you reached home everyone had eaten and you felt like Cinderella--eating leftovers. NELLIE TURNER '20.



12:30-AND NO DINNER.

P. PECK.

# Senior Class Organization



President.....	Harry Ward
Secretary.....	Ruth Weisenbarger
Vice-President .....	James Harding
Treasurer.....	Florence Byrd

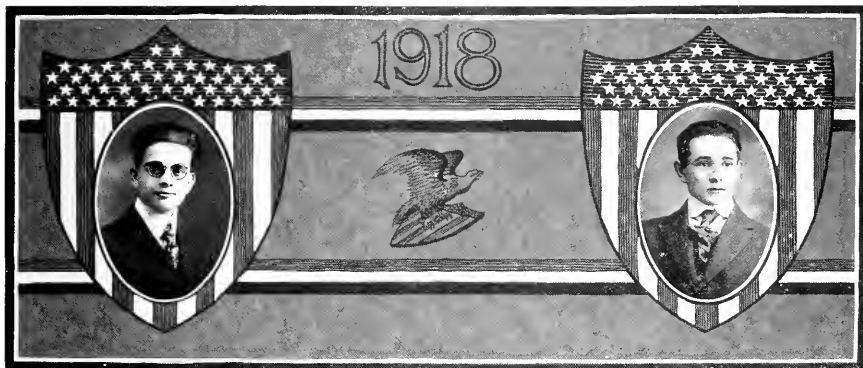
## Who We Are And What We Have Done.

As we look back over our four years in G. H. S., many things emerge from out the dark recesses of our memory. As we retrospect many of these recollections bring forth a smile--others do not. But the majority of these recollections occasion a smile and make us feel proud of the class of '18.

From the time we came into G. H. S. our class was decidedly different. I guess it must be partly because we were the greenest Freshmen, and because we were the most undignified Seniors. Most of the class heretofore graduated have either been musical, athletic or literary, but we are a mixture of all. We have been in everything from flag rushing and book stacking to literary and language societies. We have given our athletic teams support and developed stars. For the last three years our literary and art productions have found a place in the Chief. This year several of our best productions will be seen as you go through our Chief. In music we have more than held our own. But we have done many things which might not bear inspection, but what class has not?

However, we have not become egotistical, but everything we have done was for the betterment for G. H. S., so when we cease to be members of G. H. S. and become members of the Alumni we do not want the people of Greenville or the students in G. H. S. and the faculty to remember us by our faults, for we all have faults, but to remember us by our good points. We have tried to be a success. Have we? In our own minds we think we have.

HARRY WARD '18.



HARRY WARD

All dressed up in Mong's best fit  
Is Harry Ward, a lad of wit;  
He's an orator too,  
And our President true.  
Is he sad? No, not a bit.

JAMES THOMAS

Now "Percy" of orator's fame  
Has won for himself quite a name,  
He can sure sway a crowd,  
Just as soon as he's bowed,  
And can bring the poor tightwads to shame

AGNES ALTICK

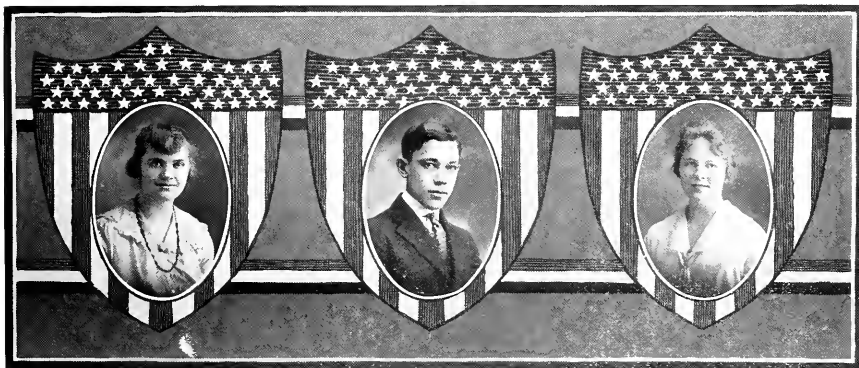
Now Aggie is noted for puns  
And she's always in for fun.  
In Orchestra she shines  
And in Athletics she's fine,  
She'll teach Physical Ed. to make 'mon." All those that are near by this fellow.

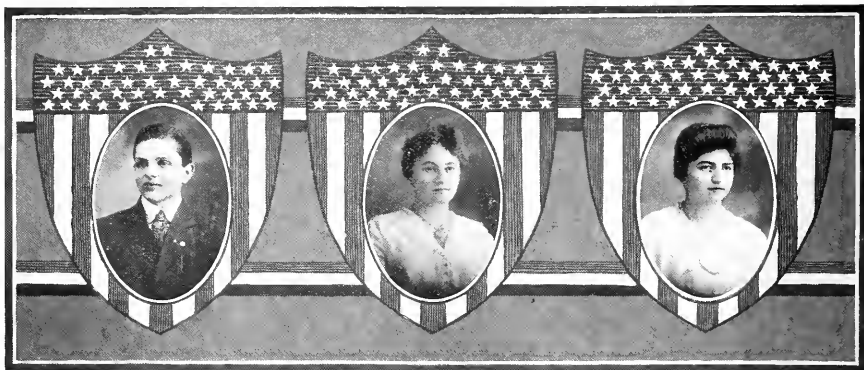
WALTER BAUER

Walter, a strange little fellow,  
Is fond of soft things just like jello;  
He uses strong phrases  
Which almost amazes  
All those that are near by this fellow.

INA BEANBLOSSOM

And Ina a bluffer is she,  
She could fool the old man of the sea,  
Should the time ever come  
When dear Beanie is dumb,  
The end of the world, then would be.





LELAND BLACKWELL

A business mind this guy possesses,  
A model scholar in all his classes;  
His heart is so tender  
We'll always remember  
That his love ne'er fails for the lasses.

AGNES BOWMAN

Agnes Bowman of blushes divine  
Is a good one in most every line,  
Her color is red  
And the thoughts in her head  
Would be classed by Herr Roehm as *schreff*  
*fine*.

GRACE BOWMAN

Grace Bowman of orator's fame,  
Some day will sure win a name,  
By her pieces she could  
Wring tears from plain wood,  
Or make a wild animal tame.

LOIS BRUMBAUGH

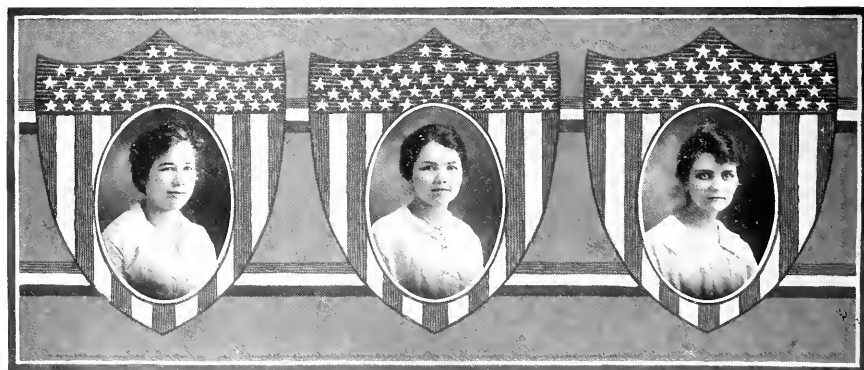
Lois, a blushing lass is she,  
Her cheerful smile you always see;  
She has quaint ways  
On all school days,  
Her cheerfulness in our minds will al-  
ways be.

CAROLINE BRYSON

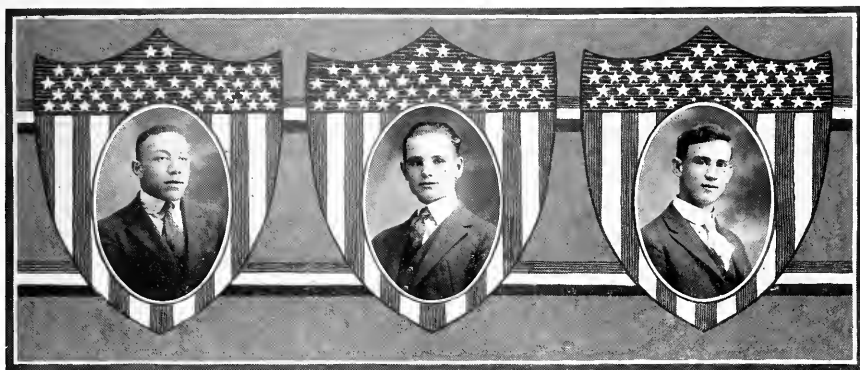
Caroline Bryson, a maid from the farm,  
Would to no one do any harm;  
She is calm and sedate,  
Holds boys second rate  
And her quiet ways cause no alarm.

FLORENCE BYRD

Famed for debates we have heard,  
This girl, by name of Florence Byrd;  
At boys—well indeed,  
Their winks she won't heed  
And in class she ne'er whispers a word.







CLOY CLEMIENS

Ah yes, there's our standby "Cap,"  
A clever and chivlrous chap;  
In athletics he'll run  
Until every game's won  
And the crowds for him do wildly clap.

CARL COLE

Now Carl most manfully obeys  
All the rules of our school nowadays;  
We all know he's there  
For loud colors he'll wear,  
But love of the lasses won't face.

JOSEPH COLE

Uncle Joe is a Senior so brave,  
Of bright colors to sport he does crave,  
He's subject to fright  
When there's ladies in sight,  
Voe be unto this shy country knave.

BLOICE DAVISON

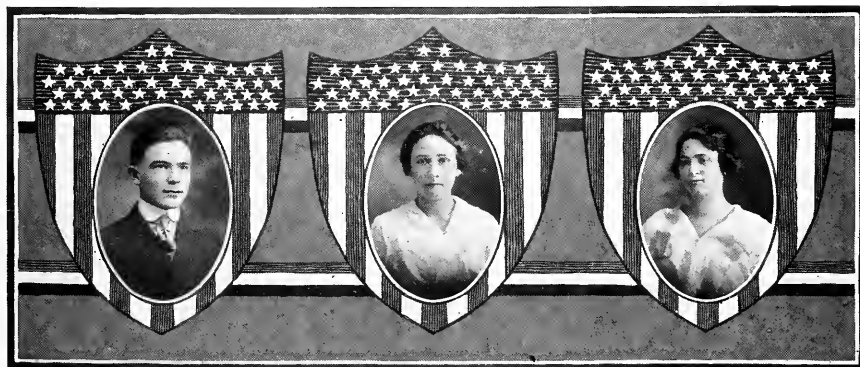
Bloice, never known to be sad,  
The best athlete we ever had;  
In base ball he's fine,  
In basket ball divine,  
Indeed he's a remarkable lad.

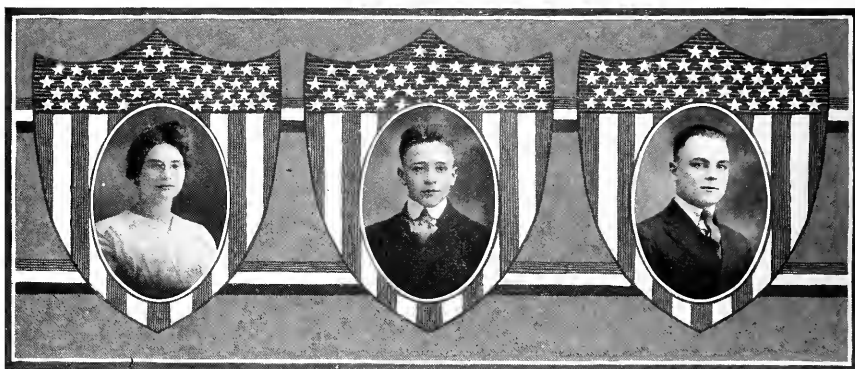
IVA DEETER

Iva Deeter, a Suffragette maiden,  
With deep thoughts is heavily laden;  
She expounds by the hour  
Against Germany's power  
And never sits down till she's bidden.

LUCILLE DUNHAM

"Dummy" her nickname we call,  
But Lucille doesn't mind it at all;  
She can cook a good stew,  
She sews a little too,  
In athletics she plays basket ball.





FRANCES EATON

Now Frances Eaton is smart,  
A lover of books and art,  
She recites every day,  
Get's always an A,  
And she still owns her own heart.

RALPH FORD

And there is our "Fordy" so bright,  
About five feet seven in height;  
In stature he's meek,  
But each day in the week,  
For wit we all know he is bright.

WALTER SAMUEL GILBERT

Walter Samuel is our athlete,  
And a jolly good sport is he  
He can laugh at a joke  
When in funds or when broke  
And out of school will work like a bee.

PAUL HALLADAY

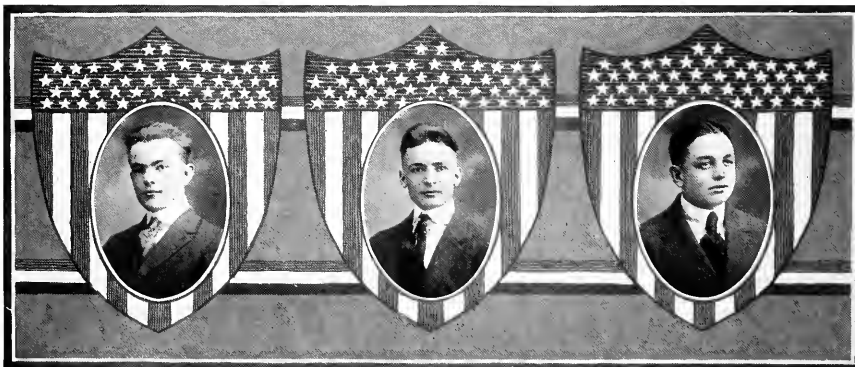
There's Paul the pride of the farm  
No lady can cause him alarm,  
He is witty, that's true,  
And original, too,  
And he works with his own right arm.

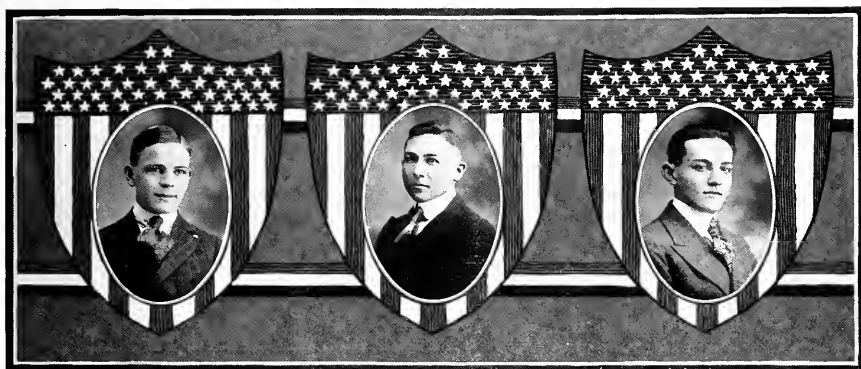
JAMES HARDING

"Jimmie" has been his nickname  
His eyes doth sparkle on a dame;  
Our vice-president true,  
Has helped us through,  
We predict a life of great fame.

RALPH HUBER

A lad in our class we call "Dutch"  
When it comes to a joke or the such,  
His wit will be there,  
With a sarcastic stare,  
And his voice will be heard very much.





KEMPER HUR

Our Kemper's a cute little figure,  
In his studies you'll find him no digger  
But with many a dame,  
You can't rival his name,  
As a dancer he sure is a jigger.

RALPH LEPHART

While Ralph quite short and shy,  
And a glance he'll take on the sly,  
While a voice soft as air,  
None in truth can compare,  
For his quaintness you must ask him why.

BURLEY LAURIMORE

Burley was an up town yid,  
But had to hustle when a kid,  
As a rule he is wise,  
As the arguments rise,  
For the points are cleverly handled.

LAVERNA LUDY

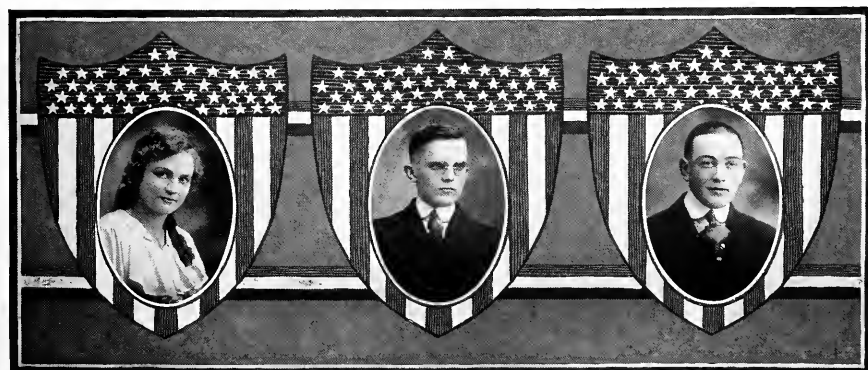
Laverna, a person so shy,  
Is afraid to look straight in your eye,  
Her face, it is round,  
And a blush there is found,  
Whenever a fellow comes around.

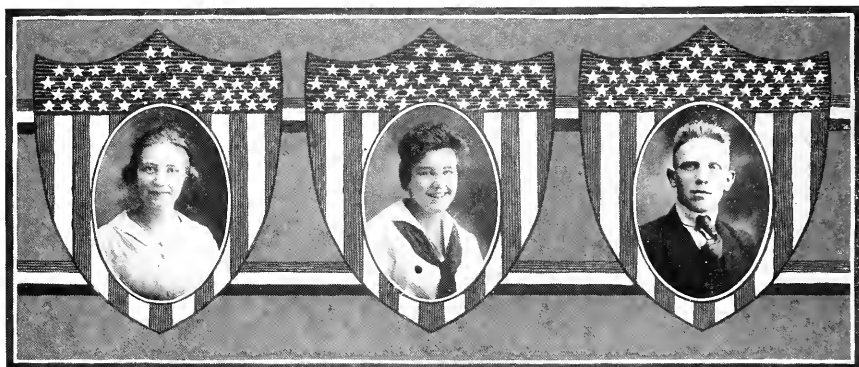
CLARENCE MAHER

And now there's Clarence T. Maher  
Most surely a faithful soothsayer,  
He's a bachelor by trade,  
Enthused by no fair maid,  
And a smile you will often find rare.

LAWRENCE MAHER

Now Lawrence with cheeks so red,  
Not caused by blushing 'tis said,  
He may be slow in his step,  
But he's sure full of pep,  
By the fair dames he'll not be misled.





BREITA MCFERRAN

There was a little girl called "Bee"  
Who skipped school the movies to see,  
Mr. Roehm caught her,  
Of course he "hadn't oughter"  
When she thought she was to be free.

ANNA MAE MCCLELLAN

Now "Peg" is a maid we all know  
You will see her wherever you go,  
Her wit it is keen,  
She's the poor sick one's queen,  
In this, indeed our Peg is not slow.

CLEMENT McCABE

The name of this fellow is "Clem,"  
With a look in his eye like a gem;  
For his calm easy ways,  
No disturbance to raise,  
And you'll ne'er on his face find a grin.

MORRIS MENKE

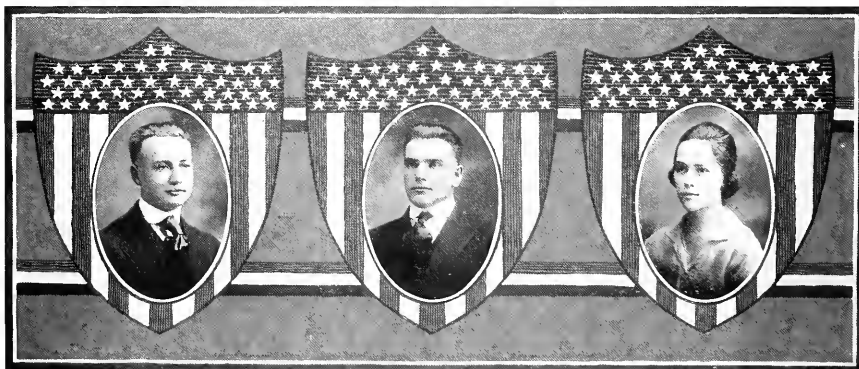
The humor of our class is "Mose"  
A chap so brilliant with repose;  
He'll win for his fame,  
A chemists name,  
A prosperous future this boy shows.

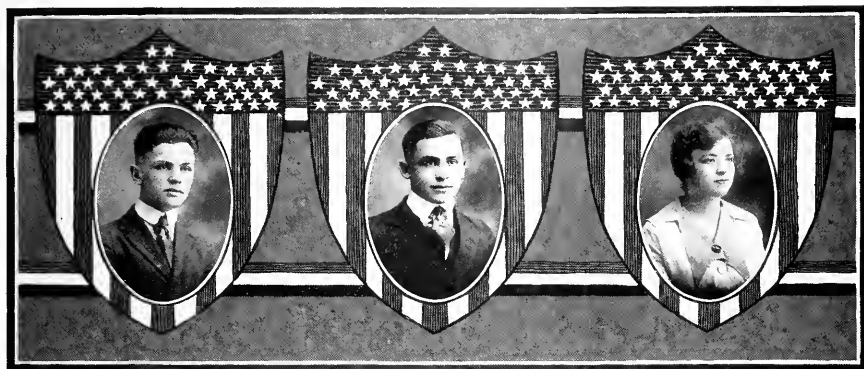
WILLIAM MILLER

And "Bill" weighs most 200 pounds,  
The nickname of "sugar" renouns;  
In athletics shines he,  
A wonder he'll be,  
If only he makes all his rounds.

ELDA NORRIS

Elda Norris the "innocent" vamp,  
Trains boys by her porch rail to camp,  
What would happen you say,  
If the boys went away,  
Why Elda would start out on a tramp.





ROBERT NORRIS

And "Bob" yea so brilliant 'tis said,  
 E'er his school book is in his head;  
 He is sure full of wit,  
 When that spot you have hit,  
 When his mind off his lessons has fled.

JOHN OLIVER

Now Johnnies are often far famed,  
 For this they are not to be blamed;  
 Our John Oliver here,  
 Is as shy as a deer,  
 We all hope for the day when he's tame.

MARIE PEARCE

For music can warble some fine,  
 In a choir she often does shine  
 She's bashful we know,  
 And her walk is so slow,  
 She'll rival great Melba in time.

OLIVE PIERCE

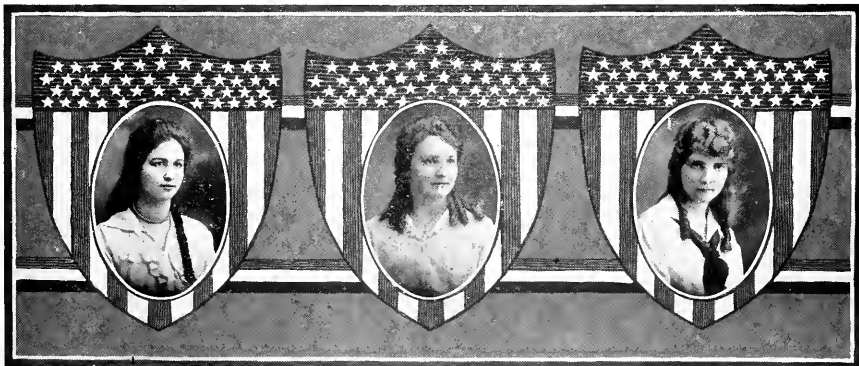
In High School she's done her part,  
 She is fond of Music and Art,  
 For future finance  
 She'll teach Domestic Science,  
 She'll sure win some man's hungry heart.

GLADYS PERRY

An addition of note to our class,  
 Is Gladys, a fair blushing lass;  
 She can talk one to sleep,  
 When she starts in to preach,  
 And as a good scout she will pass.

NORMA POWELL

Norma, the child with the innocent stare  
 And also the curly golden hair;  
 Who could ever surmise,  
 Our Goldenlocks with those eyes,  
 Sipping porridge that belonged to a bear.





THELMA REED

Now Thelma is slender and tall,  
Her hair in ringlets doth fall;  
She studies afloat,  
Never misses a night,  
She soon will have studied it all.

HELEN RIES

Helen Ries, a fair maid is she,  
Vowed an ambulance driver she'd be,  
Of the Sammys she's fond,  
And she'll go across the pond,  
In order the shells and powder to see.

OLIVE SCHELL

There is a girl called "Sis,"  
Olive Ann is the name of this miss,  
She writes poetry and prose,  
Wherever she goes,  
And I'm sure she can do better than this.

WILBUR SPIDEL

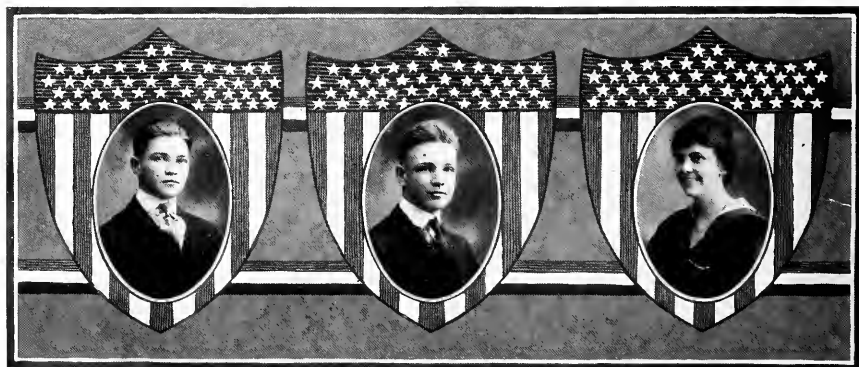
Spidel is a ladies man,  
By hard labor he ne'er will tan;  
A witty lad is he,  
For a joke he will see;  
In athletics he is a fan.

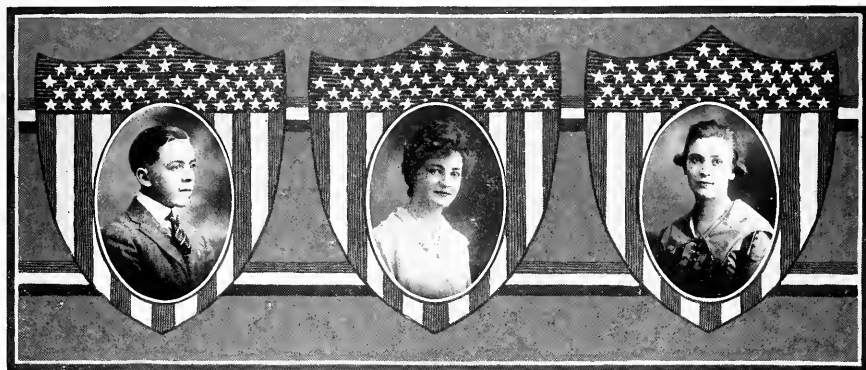
GEORGE SCHMIERMUND

As a giggler he holds foremost place,  
And there's always a grin on his face,  
From the most solemn thing,  
Forth a joke he can bring,  
No matter whose funeral takes place.

RUTH SCHERER

A young lady to us very dear,  
Is one bold Miss Scherer,  
Her first name is Ruth,  
And we tell you the truth,  
We think her disposition is queer.





HARRY STEPHENS

For a man with a mighty will power,  
Round the ladies you'll find him quite sour  
For them he defies,  
While with a glare from his eyes,  
Essays he'll write by the hour.

CECILE STOCKER

Now Cecil's a strawberry blond,  
Of Gettysburg fellow quite fond,  
She'll emit mournful sighs,  
When another she spies,  
We hope it won't end far beyond,

RUTH STOLTZ

Now Ruthie fair sister of Thad,  
Has a smile that makes one feel glad,  
She has her little say,  
No matter what time of day,  
And never makes anyone feel sad.

JOHN STUBBS

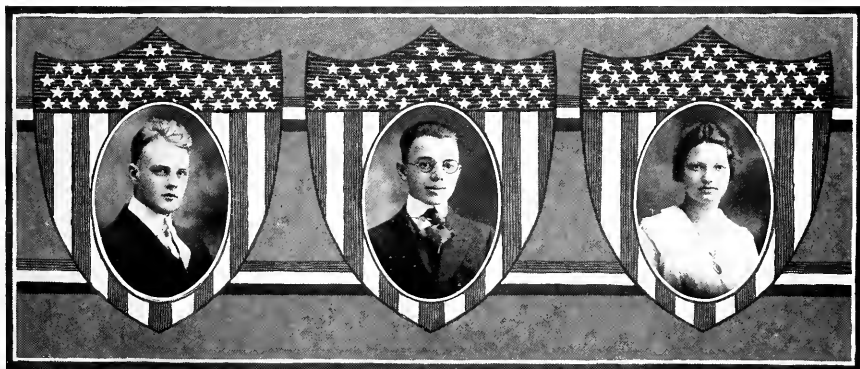
It's strange how some things will win out  
As the luck of the all round scout,  
He shines in athletics,  
He observes all aesthetics,  
But shy when the girls are about.

ROBERT SWARTZ

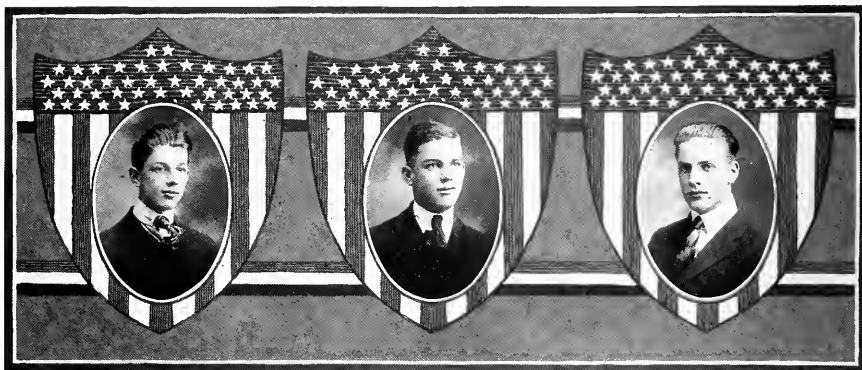
An Athletic dude is Swartz,  
He is a prince of all the sports,  
He's good in athletics,  
And brim in mathematics,  
All kinds of energy of all sorts.

FLORA THOMAS

Now Flora most rigid and tall,  
Has a voice that is softer than all,  
Although neat as a pin,  
She is shy of the min,  
Except when Dale is in call.







EARL UNGERICH

Earl Ungericht is long like a plank,  
On some things he sure is a crank,  
We think he'd make good,  
If only he could,  
Get a job in the First National Bank.

RALPH VANCE

For a lad full of vim and vigor,  
See Ralph the Romantic figure,  
When he's angry he smiles,  
When he's sad he beguiles,  
But his enthusiasm is meagre.

HAROLD WAGGONER

Gracious, did you see him smile?  
He did it for quite awhile.  
And he looked right at me,  
As straight as can be,  
Can it be he at last caught the wile?

PURL WARNER

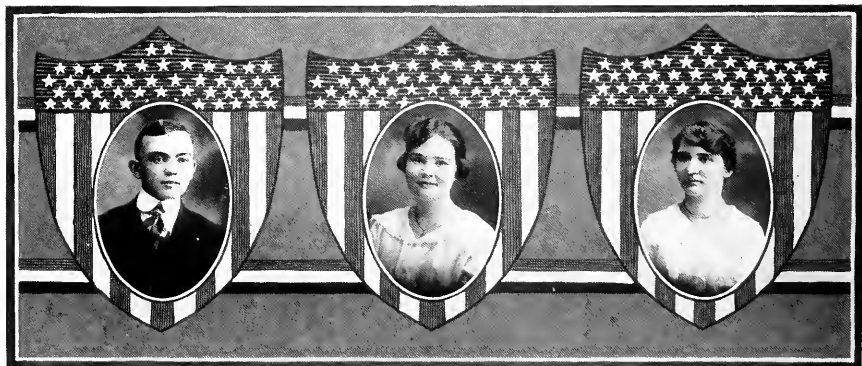
Purl Warner is a typist fine,  
Mathematics are right in his line;  
Though stature not much,  
His ability's such,  
Of a long useful life it's the sign.

RUTH WEISENBARGER

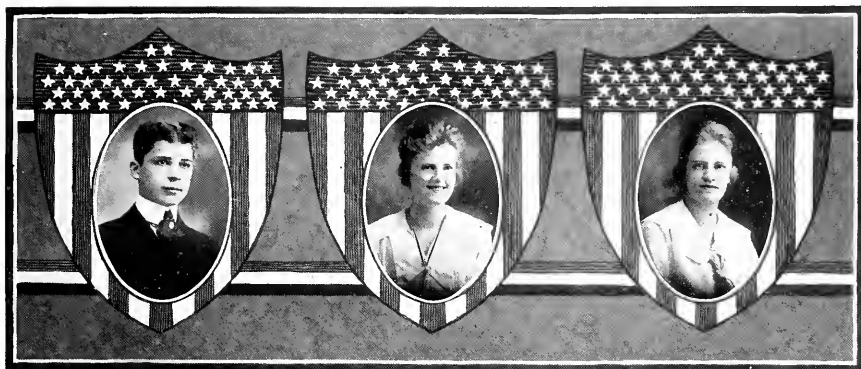
There is Ruth renowned for her "a's"  
Is known to study nights and days;  
This missy so shy  
Looks at boys on the sly,  
But writing notes she says never pays.

VIOLA WEIBUSCH

Now Viola Weibusch in art,  
Full nobly has done her part;  
In charcoal and pen,  
She works just like ten,  
This maid with an artistical start.







DOYLE WARNER

KATE WARNER

MARY WARNER

Now there's Doyle a bright lad is he, And we have heard here of late,  
 A wave in his hair like the billowy sea, Of a girl so tall and sedate;  
 In his classes he'll shine, Her sister named Mary  
 With all grades of nine nine, She has a friend Harry,  
 While fair ones say "Doyle come to me." Who else could it be but Miss Kate?

Mary Warner with fingers divine  
 Makes music that is certainly fine,  
 In opera same day,  
 She will make her own way,  
 Don't I wish such a fate would be mine?

PAUL WILLIAMS

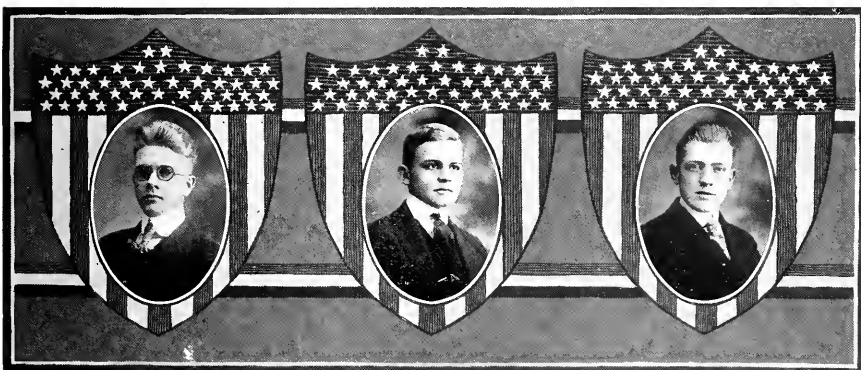
DELBERT WILSON

STANLEY YOUNG

Paul Williams a musical man,  
 Plays anything anyone can,  
 He's right there on the flute,  
 While a banjo's his suit,  
 And music he'll make on a pan.

A lad from the country is he,  
 A youthful little chap full of glee,  
 When the fair ones are nigh,  
 He is inclined to be shy,  
 If only he'd wake up and see!

There is a young man in our school  
 Who is neither a sage nor a fool,  
 He's got on the scene,  
 By his queer wire-less bean,  
 And in English he sure is a jewel.





# Junior Class Organization



President.....	George Bowman
Vice President.....	Paul Douglass
Secretary .....	Esta Schafer
Treasurer.....	Homer Booker

## Junior Class History

Time has quickly passed and within another year we will leave the gates of the G. H. S. behind us, only in body but not in mind. When we started in as "Freshies" three years ago, we were as a diamond in the rough. The diamond was still dull and had been untouched by skillful hands. But after a few months, through the hard work of the teachers, sparks of brilliancy could be discovered coming from this diamond.

With the beginning of the second year the dullness wore off, and the diamond burst forth into a shower of glistening sparks. And now, in the third year of this diamond moulding, it has become chiselled into one of the most wonderful texture.

There has been but one social event in our class this year, a Hallowe'en party, at the North Building. Although we are not very prominent in social functions, there are many other ways in which we excell, such as music, art, athletics, but above all in dramatic ability. Our class leaped into fame overnight with the production of an Irish comedy, "Christmas at Finnigan's Flat." Much credit must be given Miss Swisher for her untiring efforts to make this play a success.

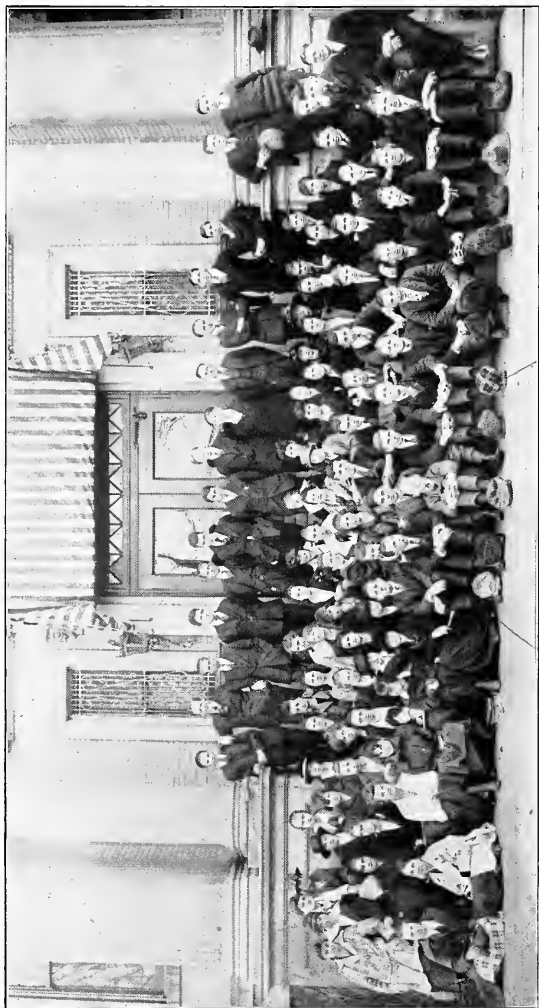
AMBA ARMBRUSTER '19.

# Junior Class Roll

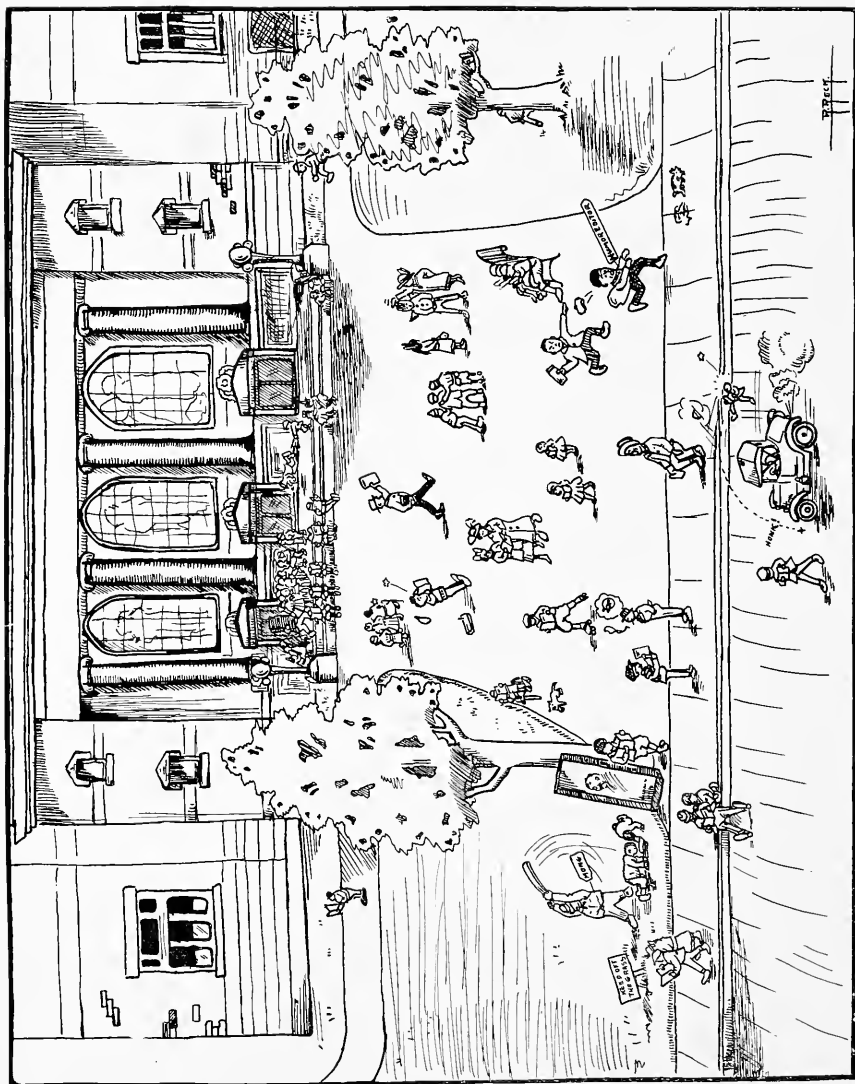
Bailey, Basil  
 Bailey, Raymond  
 Birt, Ralph B  
 Brumbaugh, Jesse  
 Brooks, James  
 Booker, Homer  
 Bolinger, Dale  
 Butt, Harold  
 Bowman, George  
 Douglass, Paul  
 Gessler, Dorlie  
 Goons, Aldus  
 Haworth, William  
 Holzapfel, Herbert  
 Katzenberger, Charles  
 Kemble, V. Ross  
 Kern, Gilbert  
 Kurz, Albert  
 Longenecker, Robert  
 Martin, Fred  
 Martin, James  
 Mathews, Glen  
 Meeker, David  
 Mergler, Harry  
 Meyer, Albert  
 Miller, Homer  
 Minnich, Rollin  
 Neville, John  
 Peiffer, Lowell  
 Rayburn, Thomas  
 Reeder, Clayton  
 Renz, Andrew  
 Rogers, Alvah H.  
 Schafer, Esta  
 Schmalenberger, Robert  
 Stentzel, Walter  
 Stocker, J. Marian  
 Stoltz, Edwin  
 Stubbs, Carl  
 Studebaker, George  
 Warner, Harry  
 Wolter, Edward  
 Young, Ray A.

Allen, Priscilla  
 Alrick, Manetta  
 Armbruster, Amba Kathryn  
 Arnold, Alice

Brandt, Alma  
 Bayman, Dena Caroline  
 Batten, Thelma  
 Browne, Elizabeth  
 Connaughton, Anna  
 Clew, Helen  
 Craig, Frances  
 Crawford, Virginia  
 Crisler, Mary  
 Daubenmire, Mary  
 DeHoff, Mary  
 Dewyre, Helen  
 Dickes, Edna  
 Dunham, Blanche  
 Folkerth, Ruth  
 Glessner, Miriam  
 Katzenberger, Marie  
 Keener, Rachel  
 Kolp, Mae Frances  
 Livingston, Lois  
 Lucas, Mary  
 Ludy, Mildred  
 Lewis, Caroline  
 Maher, Margaret  
 Mathews, Loree  
 Menke, Ruth  
 Miley, Marie  
 Moore, Grace  
 Murphy, Martha  
 McGreevey, Esther  
 Neville, Anna  
 Poe, Marian  
 Riegle, Virginia  
 Shade, Lureatha  
 Schafer, Cora  
 Schellhouse, Esther  
 Schmermund, Elizabeth  
 Slade, Pauline  
 Smith, Saloma  
 Stonerock, Esther  
 Teegarden, Vea  
 Turner, Opal  
 Wade, Mary  
 Warner, Mary  
 Warwick, Nevo  
 Werner, Elma  
 Wogaman, Ethel  
 Vance, Mary  
 Warner, Kathryn



JUNIOR CLASS.



ANNUAL SALE.

# Sophomore Class Organization



President ..... Fred Place  
Vice President ..... Elbert Albright  
Secretary ..... Ralph Hahn  
Treasurer ..... Sidney Lohman

## Sophomore Class History

In the annual book of the school  
It has been the editor's rule

To grant us a page,

For our history and age,  
For our class is surely a jewel.

As a class we paid toward the booster,  
Which made us a Red Cross booster;

But when the times come

We're all in for fun,

The very same way that we us'ter.

To the Y. M. C. A. we gave fifty;  
Don't you think that that sounds rather nifty?

We're a class of renown

And we never turn down

A cause inclined to be thrifty.

In music our class takes its place,

In the arts we lead in the race;

We double our strength

Until at great length

In athletics we're "right about face."

In society, let us relate,

An evening we spent in great state;

At the Albright mansion

Our lungs gave expansion,

When the witches told tales until late.

We "Place" our officers' names here,

They are "Albright" and to our class dear;

With "Lohman" and "Hahn"

We've been moving on

Under orange and gray through this year.

# Sophomore Class Roll

Albright, George  
 Albright, Elbert  
 Baughman, Palmer  
 Beekman, Virgil  
 Bickel, Maurice  
 Coover, Samuel A.  
 Downey, Charles H.  
 Emrick, Dwight  
 Gilbert, Raymond Robert  
 Hahn, James Ralph  
 Hangen, Denver Irvin  
 Harter, John E.  
 Haworth, Harry Wilburn  
 Hovatter, Obed  
 Krickeberg, Wora  
 Lanick, George  
 Lohmann, Sidney  
 Martin, J. E.  
 Martin, John R.  
 Minnich, Robert  
 McCabe, George  
 Neville, John  
 Place, Fred  
 Pilliod, Edward  
 Rayburn, Charles Max  
 Reck, Robert  
 Schmalenberger, Clarence  
 Shepherd, Roy  
 Skidmore, John D.  
 Skidmore, Robert B.  
 Smith, Ernest  
 Shafer, Lloyd  
 Stoltz, Dale M.  
 Swank, Ira  
 Swinger, Harold C.  
 Teaford, Arno  
 Townsend, Vernie  
 Whitaker, Kemper M.  
 Williams, Robert  
 Winters, Harry  
 Wolverton, Giles

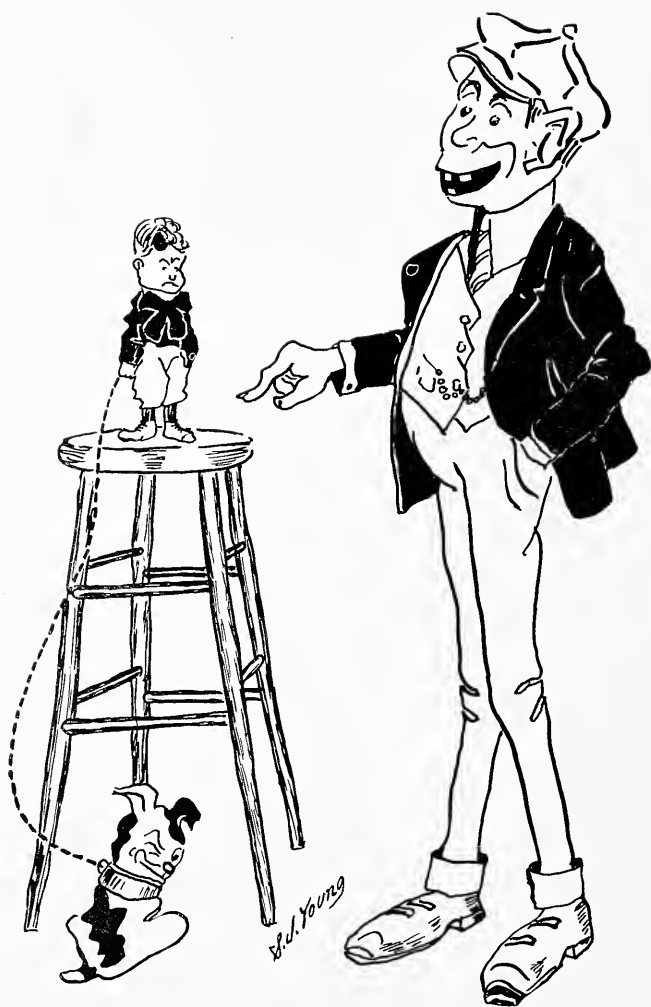
Albright, Mary Helen  
 Albright, Edith Mary  
 Arnold, Leona Blanche  
 Bass, Romania  
 Brand, Clara

Brand, Esther  
 Byard, Besse  
 Calderwood, Winitred  
 Clopp, Sarah Ann  
 Coppock, Josephine  
 Coppess, Marguerite  
 Curtis, Annabel  
 Cumrine, Irene  
 Deeter, Pearl  
 DeHoff, Helen  
 Fry, Olive  
 Haines, Lucille  
 Hoffman, Helen  
 Huber, Esther Ruth  
 Kester, Helen  
 Kimmel, Mary Alice  
 Kocher, Mary  
 Marshall, Irene  
 Markwith, Margaret Lydia  
 Mider, Gertrude  
 Miller, Helen  
 Pearce, Hope  
 Reigle, Lillis  
 Rimer, Florence  
 Robbins, Pauline  
 Sarver, Rosella Florence  
 Roof, Reba  
 Sellman, Helen  
 Sellman, Lena  
 Sheffler, Mildred  
 Slonaker, Vera  
 Shultz, Olive Marie  
 Snyder, Ruth Isabelle  
 Thomas, Thelma  
 Stahr, Margaret  
 Turner, Nellie Kathryn  
 Ungericht, Selma  
 Vanata, Mary Helen  
 Warner, Lillian Kathryn  
 Warner, Mary E.  
 Weaver, Eva Mae  
 Weisenbarger, Veima  
 Whiteford, Mary  
 Williams, Ceres  
 Westerfield, Marline  
 Wilt, Irene  
 Winters, Nellie  
 Wright, Oneta





SOPHOMORE CLASS



FOUR YEARS IN G. H. S.

# Freshman Class Organization



President .....	Haessler Kemble
Vice President .....	Robert Ganger
Secretary .....	Paul Martin
Treasurer .....	Robert Kolp

## Freshman Class History

In the fall of 1917 this class made its first entrance to the ranks of the G. H. S. Of course we were very green and timid at first, but this soon wore off. After several weeks we became fully accustomed to our surroundings and were permitted to organize.

We chose as our President, Haessler Kemble; Vice President, Robert Ganger; Secretary, Paul Martin; and Treasurer, Robert Kolp--all of whom have proved to be worthy and efficient officers. Some discussion arose over class colors but we finally decided on silver-gray and old-rose.

Thus far we do not have any men on the regular teams, but several on the various squads look very promising. Our representation in the High School Orchestra is large, being eleven members.

Our school activities have been confined to a very successful Halloween Party at Hickory Top, the home of Dorothea and Lorena Mendenhall. Several more social events have been planned and it is hoped that they will be equally successful.

We have three more years ahead of us and we fondly hope that in 1921 the good old silver-gray and old-rose will proudly float over the greatest class that ever sat in the G. H. S. Assembly.

HARVEY D. RUSH '21.

# Freshman Class Roll

Altic, Ambert G.  
 Armstrong, Forest  
 Bausman, Fred D.  
 Beck, Howard  
 Brand, Herman  
 Bruner, Herald Cletus  
 Buechly, Robert V.  
 Boyer, Wilfred  
 Colville, E. J.  
 Culbertson, Harry  
 Demorest, Kendric  
 Dismeier, Sherlock C.  
 Dunkle, Simon  
 Eidson, Francis  
 Eller, G. Victor  
 Erisman, Ralph  
 Ganger, M. Robert  
 Harp, Clyde E.  
 Helman, James E.  
 Hathaway, Robert  
 Huffman, Orla  
 Jay, Robert  
 Jobs, William,  
 Keller, James  
 Keller, Ray Alonzo  
 Kemble, Haessler  
 Kerlin, Iles  
 Kolp, Robert  
 Lamb, Byron  
 Lammers, Walter R.  
 Lease, Gilbert  
 Livingston, Emerson  
 Maher, Mark  
 Martin, James  
 Martin, John R.  
 Martin, Paul  
 Murphy, Elvin  
 Neville, Ernest  
 Pilliod, Edward  
 Reed, John

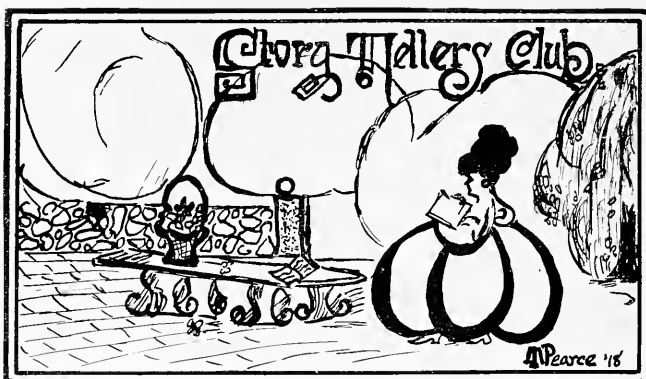
Roof, Kenneth  
 Rush, Harvey  
 Schaar, Herbert  
 Shafer, Lloyd  
 Scholl, Earl C.  
 Shepherd, Omer  
 Smith, Ora  
 Snorf, James  
 Steffen, Edward  
 Stephens, George  
 Stoltz, Robert  
 Townsend, Lawrence  
 Warner, Freeman  
 Weaver, Edwin  
 Weisenbarger, Lloyd  
 Winters, Forest  
 Winters, Mark  
 Youst, Paul  
 Younker, Paul

Althaus, Kathryn  
 Bethel, Joy  
 Booker, Lois Lillian  
 Bolick, Mary Esther  
 Bowman, Esther  
 Boyer, Mary  
 Brown, Edith Blanche  
 Buchanan, Mary  
 Calderwood, Mary  
 Casanova, Catherine  
 Crowell, Gladys Viola  
 Coppock, Dorothy  
 Dickey, Erma Cora  
 Dunham, Nellie March  
 Eaton, Dassie Christina  
 Faust, Frances Virginia  
 Foust, Hildah  
 Fox, Opal Marie  
 Fox, Adah Monon

French, Mildred I.  
 Glessner, Bertha  
 Hiatt, Alta  
 Higgins, Mildred  
 Huffman, Bessie  
 Hufford, Vera  
 Hughes, Esther Mary  
 Jones, Josephine Hope  
 Johannes, Elenora  
 Johannes, Helen  
 Katzenberger, Katherine  
 Kirby, Katharine  
 Linnane, Margaret  
 Lohmann, Lois Elizabeth  
 Longenbaker, Margarite  
 Marker, Mary  
 Markwith, Lucile  
 Marshall, Blanche Irene  
 Mendenhall, Lorena  
 Mendenhall, Dorothea  
 Miller, Mary  
 Meyer, Clara  
 McKeon, Ione Vanata  
 Pearce, June Tillie Vera  
 Pierce, Thelma I.  
 Reigle, Frances Mae  
 Ross, Sarah Ellen  
 Swartz, Ruth  
 Schreel, Reland  
 Thomas, Elcho  
 Treber, Thelma Oliva  
 Throp, Margaret Louise  
 Vance, Florence Elma  
 Wilson, Norma Tailor  
 Weaver, Hazel Martha  
 Westfall, Mildred Caroline  
 Whittington, Gladys  
 Wiebusch, Mary Bess  
 York, Helen  
 Young, Thelma



FRESHMAN CLASS.



President.....Kate Warner  
 Vice President .....Ruth Weisenbarger  
 Secretary .....Amba Armbruster  
 Treasurer .....Mary Vance

## Story Tellers' Club

THE society spirit is deeply rooted in G. H. S., and among the different clubs we find the girls especially interested in the Story Tellers' Club. Henceforth, just as regularly as Wednesday evening comes around, the Junior and Senior girls may be found in Miss Brindley's room ready to listen or participate in the program of the afternoon.

The chief idea of the club is to instill in each member a liking for good literature and an ability to tell a story in an interesting manner.

However, the members of the club have many good times, for a girls' club can not be completely serious, we are told. Among these good times have been a picnic at the City Park, where we learned to roast potatoes rolled in mud, and a Valentine Party where everyone wrote poetry.

Although our club has not distinguished itself in the annals of the High School, we are hoping for great things from its future members, and we must never forget that great deeds spring from tiny beginnings.

KATE WARNER, '18.



STORY TELLERS' CLUB.



SIBYLLINE CLUB.

# The Sibylline Club



THE Sibylline Club is now completing its second year of existence. Fifty-five Latin pupils met in Mrs. Patterson's room on October 11, 1917, to organize the club. The officers for the first semester were elected as follows: Homer Booker, President; Wilbur Spidel, Vice President; Alice Kimmel, Secretary; Olive Peirce, Treasurer. The President appointed a Program Committee consisting of Wilbur Spidel, Chairman, Mary Warner, Velma Weisenbarger, Esta Shafer and Harvey Martin to arrange the programs for the regular meetings. A Social Committee was likewise appointed, consisting of David Meeker, Chairman, Martha Murphy, Helen Miller, Helen Hoffman and George Bowman.

The meetings of the Sibylline Club were held on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, and were greatly enjoyed by all. Although we study and discuss the wars and cus-

oms of the ancient Romans we have the patriotic spirit of today. We gave five dollars towards the Red Cross rooster, when it was sold at Henry St. Clair Memorial Hall on November 22, 1917.

The opening social event of the year was a party given at the home of Mary Whiteford on Grey Avenue, December 21. Later, Esta Shafer entertained the club at a St. Patrick's Party at his country home on March 15. Both events were enjoyed by all.

At the beginning of the second semester the second election was held. The President and Secretary were re-elected and the offices of Vice President and Treasurer were filled by Sidney Lohman and Mary Whiteford, respectively.

ALICE KIMMEL '20.



REASONS FOR ABSENCE

REASONS FOR ABSENCE.



# Sociedad Castellana



A NEW organization was introduced into our High School this year, which was the Sociedad Castellana, under the supervision of Mrs. Patterson. The first meeting was held in October, 1917, and the following officers were elected for the term of one semester: Mary Lucas, President; Esta Shafer, Vice-President; Mae Frances Kolp, Secretary, and Bessie Byard, Treasurer.

The meetings were held in the Music Room the first and third Thursday of the month. At these meetings members were selected to give papers telling of the Spanish Customs and Amusements. Generally a musical number was on the program.

The name "Sociedad Castellana" means in English, Spanish Club or Society, and pins were selected to signify the name of the Club.

At the end of the first semester Jess Brumbaugh was elected President; Mary Lucas, Vice-President; Lowell Pieffer, Secretary, and David Meeker, Treasurer.

The social part of the Club was confined to one party held at the home of Mary Lucas on March 1. The Club has been a complete success this year and we hope to continue it in the future.



SPANISH CLUB.



### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Director . . . . . Miss Roberts  
 Pianist . . . . . Mary Warner

**SOPRANO**  
 Martha Murphy  
 Nellie Turner  
 Virginia Crawford  
 Ina Beanblossom  
 Kate Warner

**SECOND SOPRANO**  
 Olive Peirce  
 Helen Hoffman  
 Florence Byrd

**ALTO**  
 Anna May McClellan  
 Mary Whiteford  
 Opal Turner  
 Amba Armbruster

## Music

During the year 1917-1918 two Glee Clubs were organized. The girls under the direction of Miss Roberts, and the boys under the supervision of Mr. Sterrett. Under the able leadership of the directors the clubs are rapidly rounding into shape and the quality of their work is equal if not superior to that of any previous clubs. The great aim of these organizations is to display the vocal ability of the High School and to create a liking for good music, thus forming a solid foundation for future clubs. OLIVE PEIRCE '18.

### BOYS' OCTETTE.

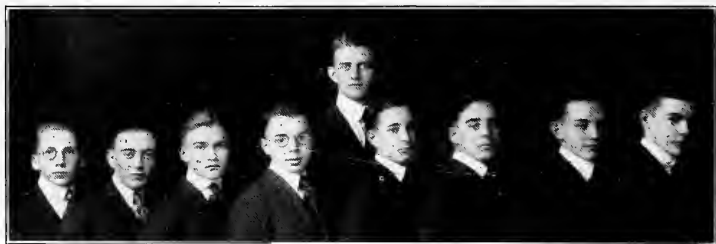
Director . . . . . Mr. Sterrett  
 Pianist . . . . . Ruth Menke

**TENOR**  
 George Studebaker  
 Homer Booker

**SECOND TENOR**  
 Lawrence Maher  
 Wilbur Spidel

**BARITONE**  
 Albert Kurz  
 Burley Laurimore

**BASS**  
 Robert Schwartz  
 Clayton Reeder





## HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Director ..... Miss Roberts  
 Pianist ..... Elma Werner

### FIRST VIOLIN

Kate Warner  
 Agnes Altick  
 Mary Besse Wiebusch  
 Dorothy Coppock  
 Homer Miller  
 Lowell Peiffer  
 Ralph Hahn  
 John Reed  
 Ralph Lammers  
 Haessler Kemble  
 Dale Bolinger

### SECOND VIOLIN

Cecile Stocker  
 Esther Stonerock  
 Thelma Thomas  
 John Skidmore  
 Robert Skidmore  
 John Oliver

### CELLO

Reland Schreel

### VIOLA

Lois Lohmann

### CLARINET

Lloyd Weisenbarger

### CORNETS

Elizabeth Schmermund  
 Forrest Winters

### TROMBONE

Amba Armbruster  
 Doyle Warner  
 Robert Ganger

### ALTO HORN

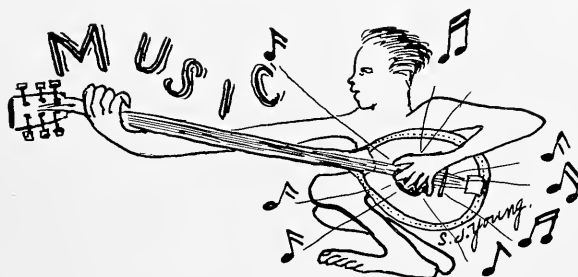
Eugene Helman

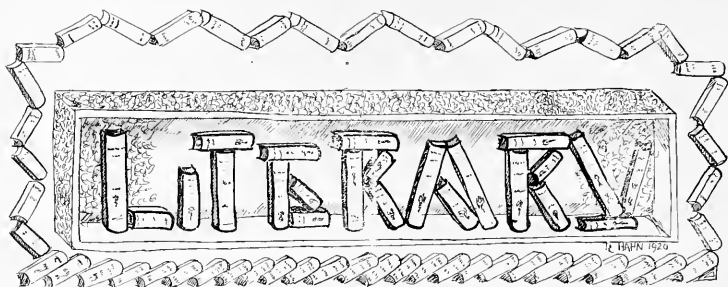
### FLUTE

Paul Williams

### SAXOPHONE

Marion Stocker





## Beating the Jews.



ATHRYN ANNE BATES had acquired an age of seventeen consecutive years, and along with the last one a very expensive and most useless habit of collecting antiques. At least, that was the way her father put it. He was never very successful, however, in his attempts to make his unreasonable daughter see things from his point of view, usually a financial point of view. This does not mean that Charles R. Bates, local manufacturer on a small scale, (for everything local was on a small scale), if he had spoken more emphatically, would not have been obeyed.

For quite the opposite was true. His orders were carried out to the letter. But so far all protests to the late fad had been in the form of suggestions; and his suggestions were usually neglected, especially when every other girl in town was enthused over the same fad.

Receiving so little encouragement from her father, it must also be expected that she received little means with which to purchase pieces for her collection. This was exactly the case. However, such a small hindrance did not keep her from visiting all the curio shops in town. On every trip to the city she would wander through the shops, drinking in the high priced treasures, which their dusty shelves held. She did, of course, occasionally ask the price of an attractive article and to conceal her gasp would remark as she moved on to the next counter, that she really didn't care much for it.

It was on one of these trips that she was particularly attracted to a special clay vase. It stood possibly seven inches high and was about five inches in diameter. From its narrow mouth there widened an unique Dutch design, embracing quaint dwellings and oddly fashioned windmills; while the fading lustre of its copper colored finish gave it an aged and time-worn appearance. It was, of course, old and must now be very valuable, but she would at least know the price.

It was to a young Jew, behind the counter, that she stammered the question, "What is that vase?"

"That vase, mam," he read from the tag attached to it, "was made and used by some of the old Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam, before the British took possession of Manhattan Island. It is priced at one dollar and fifty cents."



This time she had a real excuse for gasping. Many things flew through her mind in a fraction of a second. It was evident that the Jew was new at the business; he had of course mistaken the price mark one hundred and fifty dollars for one dollar and fifty cents. She had often heard her father say that a Jew could not be beaten in business; here was her chance to show them up. Surely she wanted to be honest at all times, yet this shop had a reputation for being dishonest; this place had made lots of money and she had little to spend; she would not really be dishonest in taking the bargain; she was paying the price their clerk had asked; if scheming managers insisted on employing inexperienced clerks they would have to pay for their experience; she would beat the Jew. All the reasons she desired to think of came to her mind and in an instant she convinced herself. But Kathryn Anne must not appear too anxious a purchaser nor must she wait long, the Jew might discover his mistake. She casually remarked, "Well, I'll take the vase with me, you need not wrap it."

As soon as she had paid him she hastened from the shop.

Kathryn Anne carefully placed her treasure on the kitchen table of her home, so that Bridget would not knock it off. Bridget, the busy housemaid, was preparing to mix biscuits for the evening meal.

Kathryn Anne ran hastily up stairs in search of a soft cloth with which to dust the vase properly. On returning she took it into the dining room. Lo, when she turned the vase over to dust the bottom two sparkling diamonds set in fine gold rings rolled out of the mouth of the vase. With a gasp she stepped back, then darted forward to examine them. Often she had read accounts of men unexpectedly finding priceless jewels concealed in antiques—jewels that had been once the pride of mystic Nomad Sheiks, the princely leaders of bands of Arabs, the fearless robbers of the deserts, jewels which they prized above the life of their best trained and most faithful horse; some one had concealed them among their possessions so that no man could find them. She had recently read an account wherein a man while purchasing a peculiar Arabic spear at a New York curio shop had discovered concealed within the spear-head one of the largest rubies in the world. Also she remembered somewhere in her school work that the Dutch people were the most famous diamond polishers in the world. No doubt the early Dutch people, to whom the vase belonged, had stolen two of the largest diamonds while at the work of polishing them. Fear of being discovered kept them from marketing them; they must then have concealed them in the vase, died unexpectedly, taking the secret with them; the vase had been sold and handed down, until now she had made the accidental discovery.

How they glittered there and sparkled in the rays of the sun. Her collection was not a failure; it was not an expense as her father had tried to tell her. She could sell one of the diamonds and purchase almost anything she

desired. Naturally she would wear one of them. How it would daze them all!

"Miss Kathryn, did yez take funney lookin' bowl away from the table that I put me rings in while I was mixin' me biscuits?"

Highest hopes and aspirations fell way below zero. Kathryn watched Bridget slip the "ten-cent store diamonds" on her short pudgy fingers.

Still in the great disappointment of her suddenly aroused hopes she was enough of an optimist to congratulate herself even on the purchase of the wonderful vase. Just think that it had come down from those Dutch pioneers in New Amsterdam, and she had purchased it for the small sum of one dollar and fifty cents.

She moved closer to the window. Still she had beaten the Jews. She turned the vase sideways to obtain the full rays of the sinking sun upon the vase. How wonderful—how old—and for a dollar fifty. Peering into its mouth she sank weakly on the cushions in the window. But she did not believe until she read again the printed sticker on the inside of the vase, "Design Copyrighted 1913, Levensky Pottery Co., Retail Price 50c."

BURLEY LAURIMORE '18.



## The Trail.

*The trail of the painted posts,  
Is a weary, bitter, way;  
All strewn with blood,  
And human mud,  
The price our men must pay.*

*A forest wide is on each side—  
A murky path between—  
Our soldiers tread  
Upon the dead,  
Through foul air and unclean.*

*But here and there a whispered prayer  
Will float on wings of white,  
No blood can stain,  
The Holy Name,  
The Name that stands for right.*

*So up it flies to cleaner skies,  
Joined with a million others,  
The souls of dead  
From earthly bed  
The prayers of stricken mothers.*

*While high above with Holy Love  
The message in attended—  
We'll hope and pray,  
By night, by day,  
Until this war is ended.*

OLIVE SCHELL '18

## 'Nother One.

"Hey Central, gimme number one hundred and three, quick!"

"What number did you say?" inquired the operator.

"I want number one hundred and three and want them quick, too."

"All-l-l right," drawled out the operator, "there you are."

There was a long wait, the man at the end of the line was impatiently waiting for an answer but none was received. Then Central broke in.

"Did you get your party?"

"No," growled the man, "keep ringin' 'em, this is important."

"Just as you say," replied she, as she continued to ring.

There was a click in the receiver and a sleepy voice answered with a yawn, "Jimmy H-H-er-ah Hotel James."

"Hotel James? I don't want no hotel; they gimme the wrong number"

He hung up a minute and then came back at Central "What d'ye mean by givin' me the Hotel James when I want the Police Department."

"Did I hear you say you wanted the Police Department?"

"No, you didn't, I want the Police and want 'em right away quick."

"All-l-l right, came the answer with another yawn (for those telephone operators are a sleepy bunch) hope you git your party this time."

She rang about three minutes, but according to the man, it was about ten, then someone answered the 'phone.

"What do you mean by callin' in here this time of the night, and wak-in' us up?"

"Is this the Police Station?"

"It is," came the answer.

"Come here immediately, it's been stolen."

"Who's this talking?" asked the officer.

"This is me, Jim Smith, 3113 Packard Boulevard, waste no time and hurry."

"We'll be there in two shakes of a dead dog's tail," replied the cop, and he hung up.

Jim was talking to himself, "Wonder where it could have gotten to, who could have stolen it?"

While in this mood, he heard a noise resembling a boiler factory. He immediately went to the window and saw, coming down the street, a machine. He was able to hear better than he could see, but as the bus approached he saw it was the Police Patrol coming to his assistance. The machine sounded as if three cylinders were missing—not only missing sparks but completely out of the engine. In a course of time it arrived and two men alighted from the running board.

They looked up and down the street and behind trees as if they were looking for someone. However, as they saw no one, they proceeded to the front door. Just as they stepped upon the porch, Jim gave the door a jerk in order to open it. The first to advance, who was about three feet from the door when this happened, gave a shriek and a jump, only to light on the fellow's foot who was cautiously following in his footsteps and being led by the first fellow, also yelled. They soon recovered from their fright and began to question Jim.

"What's the idea of callin' us in this time of night?" they asked.

"It's been stolen," said Jim, "someone swiped the only one I had, I can't find it anywhere. Come along out here and help me hunt."

Jim led the way through the house and out to a building near the end of the lot. This they entered and in the light of their lanterns they saw a vehicle on four rubber tired wheels. On the front was a brass colored object in the center of which was stamped the word "Ford."

They all walked about the object and one of the cops ventured inside. The other, who had been slow so get in the search, slowly crawled under the bus and started to hunt.

"It was white," said Jim, "but now its soaked with oil and grease. It's about four inches long or it was about that length when I saw it last. It's kinda' hard to see since it's so small. When it was new, it was about eight inches long, half an inch wide, and about as thick as this," and he held up the ruler which was used to measure the gasoline—as it is called.

Bill, who was under the machine, slid around underneath the radiator, then to the back end, looked in all corners, examined the lower part of the engine, and last of all, looked in the exhaust pipe.

Jake had the back seat out, all the tools from under the seat on the floor and at present was looking in the gas tank. He put the front seat back in place and then started to examine the contents of the black box on the dash board. He took out all the coils, looked them over and then replaced them. Bill came out from under the car and Jake out of the front seat. Bill looked at Jake and Jake looked at Bill then both looked at Jim, who began to get weak.

Bill inquired in a voice of thunder, "Say man, what have you got us here for, anyway?"

"C'm'ere," said Jim. "here's what's missing."

The brave men approached with vibrating knees and teeth.

"There, do you see?"

They blinked their eyes but saw nothing missing.

"There's what's gone, the wick has disappeared from the tail light."

The cops looked at each other and then Bill made a leap for Jim, only to be restrained by Jake who began to laugh.

Bill broke in, "What do you mean by pulling us out of peaceful slumber to help you hunt your wick for the tail light of such a bus as you've got here?"

"But it's missing."

"No buts about it, another act like this and we'll have you pulled for disturbing the peace."

The cops then departed and Jim was left alone.

He felt the light which was still warm and then thought to himself, "That——! ! (cut out by censors) wick burned up."

SIDNEY LOHMAN '20.



## All's Fair in War.

The last lingering rays of sunset rested on a quiet, humble little cottage surrounded by one of the many waste fields of war-ridden France. These large poplars towered above the dwelling and swung rhythmically to the breeze that was slightly stirring, but everything else was motionless. It was a picture of outward desolation which told of hardships, privation and sacrifice. These French peasants had given their all.

Inside the cottage an old grandmother moved slowly to and fro, stirring the fire on the hearth and preparing a meager meal. In spare moments she seated herself on a rough chair near an equally rough table, and busied herself by knitting a helmet from wool, with which the American Red Cross organization of the nearest town had supplied her.

As she knitted, an inner door opened and a slender young girl entered with a small package in her hand. She came forth, smiling at the old woman on the chair and said, "Everything is ready to take, grandmother, except the helmet you are knitting."

"It is almost finished, Annette. But it is now getting dark. Perhaps you had better wait until morning to take these supplies to town," the old woman observed as the sunlight was perceptibly ebbing and dark shadows were fast filling the room.

Annette looked out of one of the small windows in the room. "You are right, grandmother. It will soon be dark and the wind is rising. Hear how the trees are moaning?" The other listened. Her wrinkled old face took on a look of anxious foreboding which the young girl had learned to know. "What is it?" She asked quickly.

"Ah, that moaning of the trees, my dear, is a sign of trouble. That is the way they did on the night your mother died, and then in the evening before the news of your father's fall at Verdun, came."

Annette stood, with a feeling akin to fear, looking out of the window. Then she turned around quickly, and, with a short optimistic little laugh, replied, "But nothing evil is going to happen tonight, grandmother, I know it."

But the old woman shook her head. "No, Annette, it is not a sign that fails."

"We'll see," replied the girl.

The wind blue stronger and the skies darkened with pent up promise of a coming storm. The poplars moaned still louder.

"I'll light a candle, said the girl, "or you can."

"No, save the candles. I will finish this helmet tomorrow, if nothing happens," and the grandmother rose to put away her knitting.

Annette started to see after the food that was in preparation on the hearth but even as she turned, her quick ears caught the sound of muffled footsteps outside. It aroused her suspicion, for well she knew the enemy ventured into homes where there were none to stop them. Spurred by the thought, she hurried her grandmother into the adjoining room.

At the knock that followed upon the outer door, the frightened women stood perfectly still, each wondering what to do. By chance a striking of some heavy metal against another object of like kind, reached their strained ears.

It was enough. Annette took hold of her grandmother's arm, and they rushed into a narrow passage lit by one small window. As they entered this passage, Annette carefully bolted the door behind them and they disappeared into a dark, little cellar where the limited supply of food was stored.

In the meantime, the outsiders, getting no response, pushed open the door without ceremony and entered. The one who appeared to be the leader of the three, said, "Machen Sie ein Licht, Heinrich." and a small electric spotlight searched the room. There were signs of a recently prepared meal, lying untouched on the hearth.

"They are hiding," the leader observed, but one of the others suggested that, in view of the circumstances, the cottage, undoubtedly was, for the hour deserted. "Well, we'll make a hearty meal," the leader responded as they seated themselves near the hearth. There is an old saying that "all is fair in war," and the modern German seconds the adage with little or no hesitation. The meal was soon begun and soon ended.

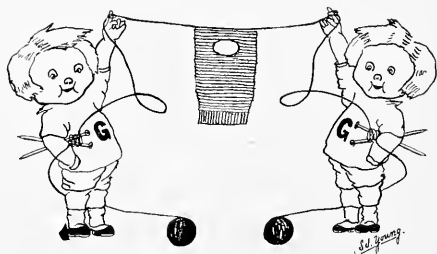
In their search for further refreshments, they encountered the bolted door leading to the cellar, but under their united force the bolt gave way, and three large Germans fell into the passage. Down they went until they turned the corner where the moonlight (now resplendent) gleamed upon an apparition.

Yes, it was an apparition of most ghostly appearance. The white death-like pallor of a sheeted skeleton met the view of the three invaders as they stopped short. The horrible thing appeared to be coming nearer. A startled "Gott und Himmel" broke the silence, and when, a few seconds later, a rat ran just in front of them, the invaders bolted—yes, it sounds unsoldierly—but they bolted out of the house and into the yard with a rapidity that has rarely been equaled.

Down in the cellar the ghost shook off its grave-like apparel, and stood before her grandmother, who now appeared trembling with excitement. The girl laughed silently but joyfully at the result of her clever scheme. As Annette watched the three hurriedly disappearing figures, she remarked, "See, grandmother, nothing evil happened." The old woman was too joyous to argue the point.

"Ah, brave girl," she replied, "You are indeed worthy to be the daughter of a soldier of France."

GRACE BOWMAN '18.



## Your Country and Mine.

Mary Brethardt moved listlessly in her chair. It was a hot July evening, her last evening in New York. Tomorrow she and her father were to start on a roundabout journey to Germany. Germany was home. At least, so Mary's father said and America was simply a place to make money. The idea had been stamped upon the child's brain and grafted into her nature until it seemed to be bearing fruits. But why that curious discontent this evening, that feeling of dissatisfaction? She would take a walk to rid herself of it.

The girl stepped out on the street. It was a beautiful home that she had, not far from Public Square. She walked a few steps in the direction of the Square, attracted by the sound of music and talking. In gay New York, everything sometimes seems to be noise, but this was more than usual. On and on Mary walked, not heeding her steps. Suddenly she came face to face with the scene. A man was speaking. America, loyalty, bravery, love, patriotism; the stars and stripes were mingled in his speech. "Loyalty to America," Mary pondered, "what does it mean?" She knew English, of course. Hadn't she been educated by a learned German tutor? But she had never heard this. No, her tutor had returned to the fatherland many days ago to fight for it. Why, she had been taught to love all things Prussian and hate all things alien and what could loyalty to America mean? "What the U. S. flag has always meant," she argued. "Merely the sign of a country unbounded in wealth, but made up and peopled by a motley horde." The band played, the crowd cheered as though maddened, yet the girl pondered. "The land of the free and the home of the brave, where was it?"

Mary Brethardt turned homeward. Slowly then more quickly she walked. As she entered the house a sight familiar an hour ago, but now strange, met her gaze. The trunks were packed and waiting. Those trunks contained secrets, contained much money sewed in the lining of garments. When she left the house all this seemed natural, but now, did they have a right to take them? The people on Public Square had sung of America, their loved home. She had been born in America as had they. Was it not her native land?

The girl sought her own room. She entered and sat down in the darkness, trying to pierce its velvety stillness, its mysterious shadows. Her mind, overcast with darkness and shadowy doubts, she attempted to pierce with her intellect, her judgment, her learning. In neither was she successful. She could not betray the land that had given her birth, could not place it in the hands of the enemy even though that enemy was the fatherland. Finally she decided that she would try to sleep and solve the problem the next morning. But sleep did not, could not come to that tired, working, struggling brain.

Late in the evening Mary arose, dressed and went down stairs. She passed into the dimly lighted hall, walking slowly its whole length. Suddenly she stopped. Was not that a bunch of keys lying near? She stooped and picked them up. Could it be the trunk keys? Her father, the famous Wall street broker, was growing careless in his haste to get to Germany with valuables which would entitle him to a medal. Or was it a stroke of fate?

A ray of light, a maddened frenzy enveloped Mary Brethardt's mind. Quickly she unlocked a trunk. She, her father's trusted adviser, knew just

where to find what she sought. Garment after garment she tore open, closing and locking each trunk as she went. No thought of detection entered her mind. She was working for America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When the task was finished the tired girl placed the keys where she had found them and turned to the papers. Slowly her gaze wandered over them, diagrams of famous Atlantic harbors, sketches of the inside workings of great munition plants, detailed accounts of America's unpreparedness. "Nobody must see these," the troubled soul cried, "I will burn them, money and all."

The next day dawned bright and clear. Cyrus Brethardt had risen with the larks. This day he was starting to Germany to receive a medal from the Kaiser and to meet his wife, who had returned to Germany with her two sons in August, 1914. Mr. Brethardt had been greatly alarmed when he found the keys to his treasure house on the floor, but well he knew that no had touched them or they would be gone now. As the dawn burst into day he began to wonder why Mary did not appear. Finally he sent for her to come down.

Presently the maid returned saying, "My mistress says she is too ill to arise." "Too ill," the man broke out in a frenzy, "Too ill to return to the Fatherland. That can not be. Tell her she must come." But the maid returned with the same message. "Tell her she will stay forever in this accursed America if she does not return home with me." The answer came, "I will stay." The man raged but it did no good. He would have done worse had he known the thought uttermost in his daughter's brain.

"Are you a German," a nurse was asking a pale, worn girl.

"I am of German birth, was the answer, but I am an American."

"You may enter." The girl wept for joy.

Mary Brethardt had determined when her father left that she would become a trained nurse and go to France. She had become very ill and had been given scarcely time to recover in her old home because the new owner wanted in. Her father had left her a little money, but so long and unsuccessful had been her search for acceptance in a nurses' training school that it was about gone. Everywhere she was rejected because of her German looks and brogue. She didn't know that strange Germans were suspected and mistrusted.

Day, dark and misty dawned upon No Man's land in France. A great battle had been fought there the day before, lasting long into the night. A shipload of American Red Cross surgeons and nurses had arrived a few days before and were being led out upon the horrible ghastly scene. Ambulances were arriving; all were busy. Nurse Brethardt spoke to a surgeon near her.

Someone near them moved. A German helmet raised from a body that had been lying as though dead. The man looked at the nurse and she looked at him. "My brother!" she cried, "My brother!"

"You traitor," he hissed, "you traitor to your father and to the Fatherland." He raised his arm, the surgeon started, but the dying man was too quick. "I am dying," he said, "but you shall die first," and the bullet hit its mark.

"I die gladly," the girl whispered, "die gladly for MY COUNTRY, America."

LOIS BRUMBAUGH '18.

## A Dream.

Tired out with study's task supreme,  
The Senior slept and straightway dreamed a dream.  
He dreamed that with a maiden by his side  
Of wondrous beauty yet who modest sighed,  
He wandered 'cross the rustic gratings and found  
That still his feet were on the solid ground.  
He reached "The Mecca," where sweets and eats,  
Plenty are served for all and each.  
Very near, high o'er head the clock tolled eight-fifteen,  
And on the walls are plainly visible, the words, "Rah, Rah, '18!"  
Leaving the spot reluctantly to pass,  
They neared the "dear old brick," better known as G. H. S.,  
Where the growing grass untrod by foot profane, a carpet lay  
Velvet and green beneath the light of day.  
No longer the rule "Please keep on the walk" lay bare  
To hinder those in haste and catch one unaware.  
They went to class. All, gathered there on time  
Exact, smiled at the gong's beginning chime.  
All in the assembly. "A lecture course," Herr Roehm has said.  
No notes were needed. Keep them in your head.  
No tests or quizzes either, these were children's sport.  
Finals abolished, never a class report.  
Through open windows here the breezes played  
With joyful faces where not one delayed.  
A happy, eager throng might be discried  
Hastening from school. All gladly on they hied,  
Leaving but silence in the great assembly room;  
Broken only by the janitor and his broom.  
Home once again the Senior found a note  
"Please find a check to your account," his father wrote,  
"Coming from 'The Mecca,' I know one's always broke."  
Deeply the Senior sighed.  
Too much,  
He woke.

DOYLE WARNER '18.

To Those Who Do Not Like Geometry.

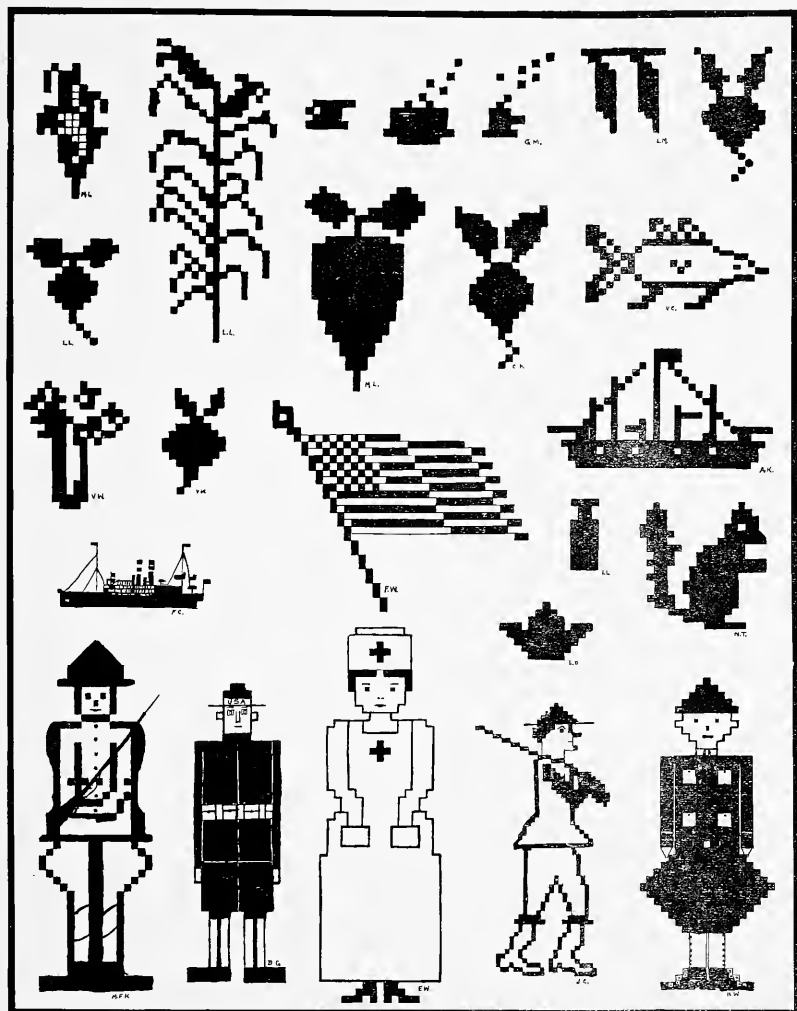
*The warm spring day was fading fast,  
And through the crowded streets there passed  
A Sophomore, clasping in her arm,  
A book written in mystic charm.  
Geometry.*

*Her schoolmates passed her on her way  
And stopped her, just a word to say,  
"Oh come with us," they joyfully cried,  
But lo! her sad sweet voice replied,  
Geometry.*

*That night she crept into her bed,  
But not to sleep, for her poor head  
Was filled with such a dreadful fear  
Of a final test that was so near.  
Geometry.*

*Oh welcome sleep, at last it came,  
But not to rest her just the same,  
For her lips still murmured as she lay  
And in her sleep she seemed to say,  
Geometry.*

VELMA WEISENBARGER '20.



GEOMETRICS.

## Excuses.

The principal sat in his office,  
One morning at eight-thirty-four,  
Where various students were sitting—  
(Some who had been late before.)  
Awaiting his coming question,  
“Now, why were you late today?”  
And all, as they sat there thinking,  
Were wondering what to say.

“I was late,” said one from the country,  
“But the car was late, too, you see,  
And I couldn’t come before it did,  
So of course you cannot blame me.”  
“Alright, who’s next?” came the answer  
And somebody else stepped ahead.  
“Just why were you late this morning?”  
“Our clock stopped,” was what she said.

“And you?” the principal questioned  
“I well,” and she heaved a big sigh,  
“That’s the trouble with having sisters;  
“I just couldn’t find my tie.”  
And so the line slowly diminished.  
In fact, it was nearly nine,  
Until the last culprit answered,  
“I didn’t wake up in time.”

GRACE BOWMAN '18.



## The Blues.

When yuh feel the Blues a 'comin',  
Creepin', stealin', on yuh sly,  
Then yuh better start to hummin'  
'Cause if yuh leave a moan and sigh—  
Or set down sorta lanquid like  
An' huddle in a bunch  
They'll stick around just out o' spite  
They're so quick to take a hunch.

An' if they ever get you goin'  
Started on their way o' life,  
Ugly thoughts'll start a flowin',  
An' yuh'll have an awful strife—  
Just to fight to keep on livin'  
Cause you never care a cent  
When the blue's have got yuh driven  
To where you got so morbid bent.  
OLIVE SCHELL '18.

## The Thing That Counts.

Ma sez to me this mornin,' 'say,  
Why don't yer write a poem today!  
It's quite a while since yer wrote one,  
Go on an' do it just fer fun.''  
Well, Ma's a pretty good old pal,  
So I to pleas' 'er, sez, I shall.  
But Pa, he sorter laffed at that,  
An' sez, 'your stuff would kill a cat.''  
Ma up and said, 'maybe it wood,  
But yer can't write one half so good.''  
Pa sed, 'Shut up, I know I can't,  
An' as fer tryin' it I shan't!'  
Then Ma she had a fit or two,  
An' sed, 'That's what yer alluz do,  
Yer don't use half the brains yer got.  
Get busy; use'em! Come, why not?''  
Well, maybe Ma was right fer onc't  
An' Pa was actin' like a dunce.  
To this is what it all amounts.  
It's what you really do that counts.

ESTHER STONEROCK.

# Athletics.



## The Value of Athletics.

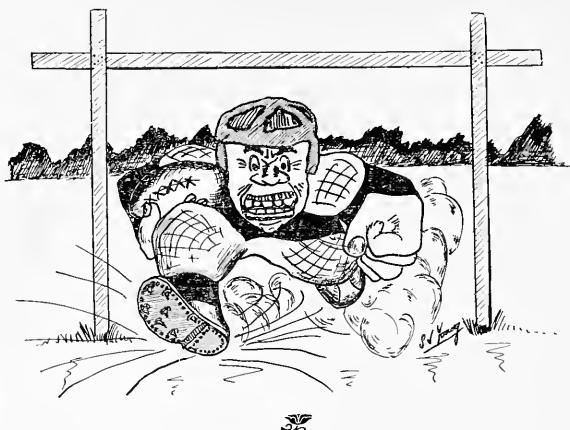
Athletics should play a prominent part in the High School life, since they are beneficial to the mind as well as the body. High School athletics are carried on after school hours and in no way tend to interfere with the studies. To be a success in any athletic sport a person must concentrate his mind on the thing that he is doing. This is absolutely necessary to produce good results. A boy can not be slovenly in his actions when in practice to make good. He must put into use every ounce of vitality that he has. This will tend to teach him to use his body in unison with his brain.

There is always a chance of getting injured while engaged in any of the sports that we carry on in the High School. This is a minor incident, as the injuries are very few. Football, the game that is considered the most dangerous of any of the sports, is being reduced from a game in which brawn is the main factor to the place where brain plays the most important part. We have all read accounts of how so many young men are killed annually in this game. Statistics show that it is the untrained and physically unfit fellow that is the most liable to injury. Last year there were fifteen men killed playing football. Out of this number two of them were college trained athletes, four from high schools and the remainder were fellows on independent teams.

The college player is made to train and keep himself in the best condition, the high school players not so much, and usually the city and independent team player has no training whatsoever. By this we can see that the fellow in good condition has very small chances of being injured.

Athletics in G. H. S. for the past two years have not had great success. This has not been due either to the coaches or the spirit of the fellows. This year an unusually large number of under-classmen reported for the various squads and in the next few years we shall see great improvements in the quality of our teams.

WALTER S. GILBERT '18.



### **MIAMISBURG AT MIAMISBURG.**

G. H. S. 0; M. H. S. 14.

This was the opener. We showed it in almost every position. Lack of practice and team work were the features of the game on both sides. On the whole the game was very interesting. Miamisburg by good luck scored in the second quarter. This was accomplished by a fumble of one of their punts by a G. H. S. backfield man and one of the M. H. S. men grabbed it up for a run of about six yards for a touchdown. The other touchdown they earned. This was made in the last quarter. We showed by the quality of playing that we had all the opportunity in the world to improve.

### **PIQUA AT PIQUA.**

Piqua 56; G. H. S. 0.

This was our second game and we were no match for the strong Piqua team. Their line bucks were too heavy for our line and they scored frequently. We never had much opportunity to get away with trick plays and never were very close to scoring. We showed a marked improvement in team work in this game and have great opportunities for improvement.

### **STIVERS AT STIVERS.**

Stivers 42; G. H. S. 0.

This game was played in mud about four inches deep. Puddles of water were everywhere on the field. Team work and trick playing were next to impossible. The heaviest team had the advantage and in this we were a little shy. Clemens at quarter was laid out at the beginning of the second half with a sprained ankle. W. Gilbert took his place. We made six substitu-

tions for injuries. Stivers has a good team. We played hard, but a game as we usually play was impossible on such a field. Every point that Stivers made they earned and no flunks were made by either team.

### **ARCANUM AT ARCANUM**

G. H. S. 6; A. H. S. 6.

This is a game that should have belonged to us instead of being a tie. We went to Arcanum with entirely too much confidence. Our only thought was that we were going to roll up a big score and win without much effort. In this we were very sadly disappointed. Our team started too early and Arcanum was filled with hope instead of scare. We ploughed back and forth for the first half to a scoreless tie. The third quarter had no more than started before Dively at full was knocked out by being accidentally kicked on the head by an Arcanum player. Nothing more happened in this quarter. It was with five minutes yet to play a forward pass from Gilbert to Holzapfel netted forty yards. This put us within twelve yards of the goal. Then Gilbert at quarter bucked the line for the touchdown. We failed to kick goal. With only this little space time yet to play we thought we had the game won. On an end run Arcanum's quarterback succeeded in making a touchdown through the crowd that had surged onto the field. This was the only thing that saved them from being defeated as the crowd proved an effectual protection for him from two of our players. They did not kick the goal. This made the score 6 to 6, with three-quarters of a minute yet to play. Nothing happened in this time. This is a game that we should have won. We had them out-classed and we out-played them, but again our supply of confidence made us its pawn.

### **PIQUA AT G. H. S.**

Piqua 30; G. H. S. 0.

We had been beaten once before by Piqua and we wanted to win, if only it was to take some of the conceit out of them. They were just a little out of our class, but nevertheless we fought as hard as we possibly could and they did not make a point that they did not absolutely earn. To hold Piqua down to 30 points is a very good showing, as they out-weighed us a good many pounds. Ray Young was very unfortunate in this game, having two front teeth knocked out. At only one time did we have any chance to score. The game was exceedingly fast and interesting.

### **G. H. S. AT WEST MILTON.**

G. H. S. 42; West Milton 0.

This was our one big game of the season. We went to West Milton with the one thought in mind, and that was to win and break that old losing streak that had been following us around for two years. In this game we had the best football team that represented G. H. S. during the season. Gilbert, quarterback; Schmermund and Clemens, halfbacks; Dively, fullback; Renz, center; Kurz and Miller, guards; Butt and Birt, tackles; Holzapfel and Spidel, ends. We started off with instructions not to try to make our downs for

the first few times, but to punt on the first down. By this we could see about how strong West Milton really was. We did this and found that it was exceptionally easy to hold West Milton for their downs most every time. They only made their first downs about three times during the entire game. After about five minutes of this testing we got down to real business. By a series of bucks and end runs we got within five yards of their goal. Then Dively made a center buck through their entire team for the first touchdown. Butt kicked goal. About this time the first quarter was up. Score: G. H. S. 7; W. M. 0.

We got the ball very soon in the second quarter and then each man on the back field would take his turn in carrying it. Each one was good for from eight to ten yards each time. Schmermund carried it over in an end run. Butt failed to kick goal. We kicked off to them and after they tried three times to break through they punted. We started down the field again. This time, however, they seemed to be able to stop us a little better. We were within twenty yards of their goal with three downs, and about five yards to make when Schmermund made a wonderful drop kick square between the posts. After a little more seesawing back and forth the first half was up. Score: 16 to 0 in our favor.

The second half opened up by us kicking off to them. The ball was kicked down the side lines and one of their players, instead of catching it, let it hit him full on the face. It bounced back into Gilbert's hands who ran with it about twenty yards. Then our smashing began again. Nothing but straight football was used. We did not use a trick play or forward pass during the entire game. This time it was Clemens who carried the ball over. Butt kicked goal. Then the next time we got it Dively was the one slated to score. Butt failed this time. They got the ball then and went on trying to buck it through Tackle Birt recovered the ball and ran through their whole team for about forty yards. This carried us within fifteen yards of their goal. Then we fooled them a little. We lined up with tandem formation and their whole team thought we were going to try a buck, so they accordingly bunched up close to center. We called an end run with Schmermund carrying it over the line. Butt failed to kick any. This ended the third quarter. Score: 35-0.

The fourth quarter was played with three minutes taken off on account of darkness. We got the ball after some time and made another of our frequent marches for their goal line. We got within fifteen yards of their goal and on another tandem formation Gilbert bucked through their entire team for the last touchdown. Butt kicked goal. This made us the grand total of 42, with W. M. H. S., 0. Every man on the back field scored this day and the whole team played wonderful football. This was one day when all played together for old G. H. S. Our front line was like a stone wall and the ends did some very good tackling. After we came home that night, we certainly did celebrate our well earned victory.

#### G. H. S. AT SIDNEY

Sidney 6; G. H. S. 0.

This was one of the best if not the best game we played this season. The day was very cold and a light snow covered the ground. We were about evenly matched with the Sidney team. The game was fast and well played on

both sides. Each one was forced to punt frequently. For the first three quarters the ball seesawed back and forth over the field, neither team seeming to have an edge on the other. It looked as if the game was to be scoreless. In the last quarter, with about five minutes yet to play we were within thirty yards of Sidney's goal. A forward pass was called and one of Sidney's ends intercepted and ran about forty yards with the ball. This seemed to throw the game. Sidney then got it on our twenty yard line. Then by a series of penalties inflicted on Greenville for off sides, kneeling and a few other unjust things. Sidney advanced the ball to our two-and-a-half yard line. We held them there for three downs. Then their quarter back pushed it over. This was a hard game to lose. Everyone of the fellows did their level best and they should get every bit of credit that is coming to them for playing good football. This is a fitting end to such a season as we have had.



"TO SPIT OR NOT TO SPIT."



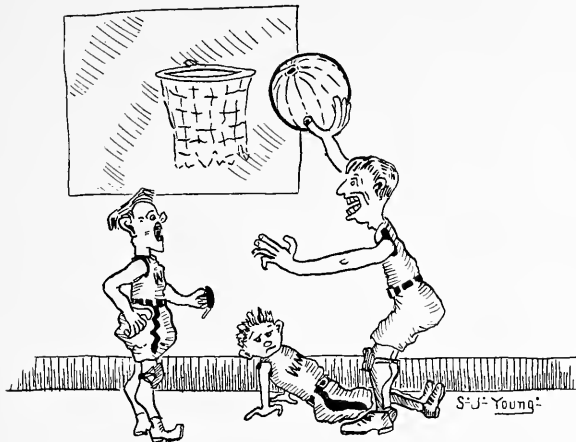
FOOTBALL TEAM.

## The Squad.

PLAYERS	QUARTERS PLAYED	POSITION	WEIGHT	POINTS SCORED
Cloy Clemens .....	24	Left Halfback .....	160	6
Walter Gilbert .....	28	Quarterback .....	140	12
Wilbur Spidel .....	24	Center .....	135	..
George Schmermund .....	12	Right Halfback .....	160	15
Charles Dively .....	10	Fullback .....	155	12
William Miller .....	28	Right Guard .....	175	..
Herbert Holzapfel .....	24	Left End .....	130	..
Ralph Birt .....	28	Right Tackle .....	185	..
Harold Butt .....	28	Left Tackle .....	205	3
Albert Kurz .....	22	Left Guard .....	135	..
George Studebaker .....	22	Right End .....	140	..
Andrew Renz .....	17	Center .....	150	..
Ray Young .....	..	Guard .....	..	..
Dwight Emrick .....	6	Halfback .....	150	..
John Stubbs .....	10	Guard .....	160	..
Robert Schwartz .....	16	Halfback .....	150	..
Dewin Stoltz .....	8	Halfback .....	135	..
Robert Gilbert .....	2	End .....	120	..
Robert Stoltz .....	1	Guard .....	125	..
Rollin Minnich .....	6	Halfback and End .....	160	..
Ralph Ford .....	1	End .....	115	..
Homer Miller .....	1	Guard .....	150	..



## Basket Ball.



DATE	SCHEDULE	SCORES	
		G. H. S.	OPPONENTS
January 11.....	Ansonia at Greenville.....	31	17
January 18.....	Greenville at Arcanum.....	17	24
January 19.....	Greenville at Piqua.....	10	55
January 25.....	Osborn at Greenville.....	21	23
February 1.....	West Milton at Greenville.....	75	15
February 15.....	Greenville at Ansonia.....	15	28
February 22.....	Arcanum at Greenville.....	20	15
March 1.....	Greenville at Union City.....	10	62

Games won 3. Lost 5. Total points G. H. S., 208. Opponents, 237.

### ANSONIA AT G. H. S.

G. H. S. 31; A. H. S. 17.

This was a good start for the season. Ansonia seems bewildered and were altogether out-classed. The feature of the game was the fast and consistent playing of our team. The team work was of the best and Ansonia had small chance at any time.

### G. H. S. AT ARCANUM.

G. H. S. 17; Arcanum 24.

The small floor had a great deal to do with our being defeated. This hall was very small and a very low ceiling that interfered very much with the play. ing. Being used to a large hall hurt the quality of our team work. Arcanum also had the advantage of knowing the floor. It was a good game and very hard fought.



BASKET BALL TEAM.

## The Squad.

PLAYERS	POSITION	HALVES PLAYED	POINTS SCORED
Davidson (Captain).....	Forward.....	14	73
Holzapfel .....	Forward .....	9	44
Mathews .....	Center .....	6	12
Spidel .....	Guard .....	16	8
Clemens .....	Guard .....	10	14
Butt .....	Guard .....	7	0
Katzenberger .....	Center .....	6	10
Swartz .....	Center .....	7	31
Minnich .....	Forward.....	6	16
Stubbs.....	Forward .....	1	0
Cole .....	Center .....	3	0

### **G. H. S. AT PIQUA.**

G. H. S. 10; Piqua 24.

This game was played the day after the Arcanum game and our fellows were not in the best of condition. This would not have made enough difference for us to have won, as the Piqua team was far the superior of us. They were heavier and had some wonderful pass work. The game was very one-sided from the start and our fellows never had much chance of winning.

### **OSBORN AT GREENVILLE.**

G. H. S. 21; O. H. S. 23.

This was the hardest fought game of the season. It was extremely exciting from start to finish. Neither side could gain a safe lead over the other at any time of the game. First Greenville would be in the lead and then Osborn. The game was fast and played very clean by both sides. Davison was injured in the first half. This crippled our team to some extent. As luck would have it the final whistle blew when Osborn was one basket ahead of us.

### **WEST MILTON AT GREENVILLE.**

G. H. S. 75; West Milton 13.

As in football this was our easy game of the season. The first half was close and finished with our team a few points to the good. In the second half the fun began. We got down to business and our pass work and team work were excellent. West Milton had small chance of breaking up at any time. Every man on the team did his share and the whole team worked together as if they were one. The large crowd certainly got their money's worth from a G. H. S. standpoint, although after the first half the game was so one-sided that it was not very interesting. We had them out-classed and out-played in every position.

### **GREENVILLE AT ANSONIA.**

G. H. S. 15; Ansonia 28.

Ansonia had the advantage of this game by having their home floor and knowing its peculiarities. The latter plays a very prominent part on this floor. Holzapfel was badly burned on the arm, when he fell against a hot stove. This kept him out of the games for the remainder of the season. The game was fairly rough and very hard played. The first half was very close. Ansonia won by a spurt in the last few minutes of the game. This makes it one a piece for us and with no chance of playing off the tie.

### **ARCANUM AT GREENVILLE.**

G. H. S. 29; Arcanum 15.

We started this game with the determination to beat Arcanum and make up for the defeat we suffered at their hands earlier in the season. Arcanum has a game bunch of players and the large hall had something to do with their defeat. The second half was very interesting. It started with the score very

close and continued so until within five minutes of the end. Only at one time was Arcanum within two points of us and then we began to take heed of the pleading of the crowd and began to draw away from them. The game became very exciting. Both sides had opportunities to win but we took advantage of ours and the game ended with us having a good majority. As with Ansonia this makes us a game apiece.

### GREENVILLE AT UNION CITY.

G. H. S. 10; Union City 62.

This was the last game of the season as the two other teams we had games with cancelled. The extreme smallness of the hall caused us our defeat. We were not used to playing in a bowling alley and getting used to it takes more time than one game. The Union City team know their hall and thus took advantage of it. The game was very fast and Union City seemed to get their points with but very little trouble. This is not much of an ending for such a season as we had.





BASEBALL TEAM.

## Baseball.

A squad of about twenty candidates reported for the initial practice the latter part of March. If anything can be told by the number the prospects should be very good for a successful season. Mr. Wheeler is coach for baseball. He has had much previous experience in coaching baseball and promises to produce a team worthy of his efforts.



## Girls' Athletics.

Once upon a time in the latter part of November, the girls of G. H. S., who were interested in basketball, met in the gymnasium for organization. The four groups were well represented and plans for the games were made. All went well for a time, and then a great something came along, as always happens in a really, truly fairy story.

No, this is not a fairy godmother, who came to encourage this activity, it was the old scoundrel "King Coal." He closed up the Memorial Hall and would not allow us to use it for four weeks, and right in the middle of the basketball season too.

Well, this story does not have a fairy ending, as it should have had, for we did not get to practice any more that year, and although we accomplished nothing great, it is our sincerest wish that the girls of 1918-'19 will meet with much better success.

AGNES ALTICK '18.

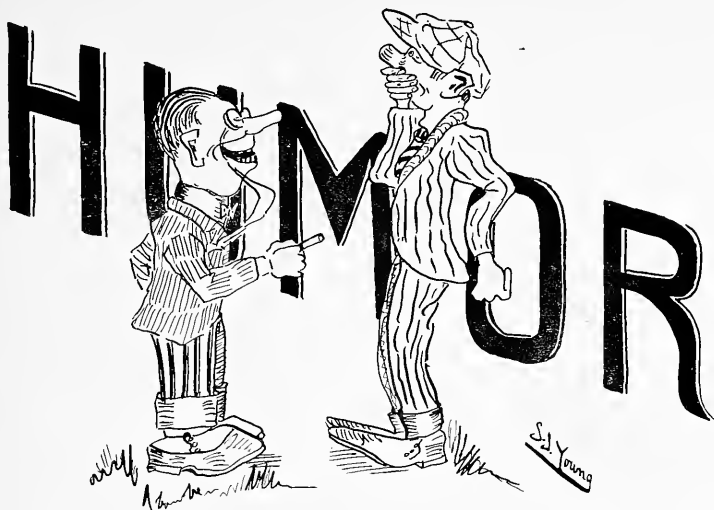
## Black Diamonds.

Only a coal, yet it calmly lay,  
Upon the ground from day to day.  
Until a rain came beating hard  
And carried it into a neighbor's yard.

A child was playing with a broken bowl,  
And espied this one forlorn piece of coal,  
He picked it up and awry he sped,  
To store it away in the old coal shed.

Next day his mother went to the shed  
To get some wood to make corn bread.  
She saw this coal, but let it lay,  
For this was Monday and heatless day.

LUCILLE HAINES '20.



## The Study of Biology.

WHEN we think of the old class of '18 it brings our minds to the spirit and pep, as well as the great minds it contained. Of course when I speak of the great minds of the students, it infers that the teachers had super-minds. All these characteristics are noticed in a Biology excursion once taken by this class. We all know that Biology is the study of young flowerhood and all forms of life except high life.

The first experiment is the observation of the parimoecia. In order that we might see them in their natural environment the instructor led us to the pond, over which we craned our necks. The parimoecia is about the size of a hair on a frog, but the instructor can see their slightest action and even a change in the mind. His conversation ran something like this:

"Here we have two parimoecia and their children; observe the expression of love and benevolence on the mother's face while the father seems to be rather nervous; he is hoping that the offspring will not all be killed in a collision with an approaching grass seed."

After resting our imagination a little while we proceeded to study the flowerhood. All that is needed is a little agility and caution to capture the flowers before they wither away. When you have caught the flower hold it firmly with one hand while you look up its name in the book with the aid of the other. The instructor says that the knowledge gained in this course will be very useful in selecting American beauties.

M. BERNARD MENKE.

## Slang As She Is Slung.

Honorable Patronagers: Just two weeks ago this P. M., I read an advertisement in the newspaper, where they were advertising for a man well versed in the English language to come and speak to you on the subject of "Slang." I thinking myself *fit* for the position am here to speak to *you'ns* on this subject.

This time worn subject had been the *originate* of much discussion *here of late* and I am here to tell you that you must *cut it out* of your daily language. *Inside* the last decade the daily use of slang and *ungrammatical* idioms has greatly come in vogue. It is *lowering* to our community and it is up to we *gents* to see that it is prohibited.

I take *honorable pastime* in being with *you all* this *eve* and in giving you a few *precautions* ideas as to slang and its pernicious usage. No doubt some of you will feel like *climbing* on my *frame* when you hear me *hash* out this *stuff* on slang *hard-boiled quacks* have *thrashed over* and has given us to *can* and *preserve*.

The greatest of all demoralization is the *guy* who sedately crosses the *pond* and comes to our land to study our native *dialect*. "Howdy," says *weems* to him. He knows not what it means and he goes to Nathaniel Webster and to Daniel Hawthorne to find out. *Nothing doing*. It's not to be found in any *bookshunary* in the whole United States. Do you think we are paying greatness to those human philanthrothists, Sam Johnson and Eddie Poe by using such *diabolical stuff*?

Teachers and mothers should *line up* the *kids* for using such *awful phrasings*. They can only be *brung* up correct by their *environments* using perfect examples of faultless English. I ain't meaning to *slam* no how or *tramp on nobodys toes*.

But folks, this is not a *tank town* or a *one horse* affair, it is a nation of wide source. In all big *burgs* I expect some *savell guy* is at this moment addressing them on this self-same subject.

The last part of this programme is sure to make a hit, as the *counterbuscion* box is going to be passed out. Now, friends, we don't want this to turn out a *fizzle*, so everything from a *plunk* to *two bits* will be appreciated in carrying on of this work. This must be carried on, and slang must be chopped out of the American language. I thank you, one and all.

AGNES ALTICK '18.







SNAPSHOTS.

## Love's Labor Lost.

James William looked up with a hurt, aggrieved expression on his ruddy countenance. His thoughts had been rudely broken in upon! They (the thoughts) had been of a deep and singular nature, for James William was just fourteen. And when one has attained the ripe old age of fourteen—when one has lived through measles, chickenpox, bobbed hair, fights innumerable, two baby brothers and one older sister—one has a right, indisputable, to serious thoughts. Nevertheless, the family in their commonplace and monotonous existence could not or would not understand. They interrupted choice bits of thought with vulgar commands, questions or remarks

"Sniff," James William scratched his head musingly. "Sniff, sniff."

"Oh Ma! I can't stand to hear that boy," (awful emphasis on 'boy,') "sniff and snuffle around this way: Haven't you got a handkerchief, James? Ma, come here." With disgust Georgia Maud, the young lady and pride of the family, eyed the small gritty-looking brother. He was the disgrace as she was the pride. Sullenly he glared back at her, there being no reply from the kitchen, impudently, triumphantly and defiantly he gave a long, sibilant "sni-i-i-fle," and nonchalantly added another line with grim, trembling hand to the hieroglyphical mess in front of him.

"As snow is white,  
As trees are black,  
My love is true  
And that's a fact.  
So if you ever  
Need a friend  
I'll be it,  
'Till death do end.--  
--James William Parker.

Once more his thoughts were soaring. Heaving a sigh, he folded the paper and jammed it in his pocket. "Ah! What did they know of love? Nothing." He looked at his father who was becoming bald. Feet in comfies, were cocked on the nickle piece ornamenting the front of the stove. His pipe was sending streamers and swirls of smoke up through the air, and the evening paper hid the rest of him. "Paper, pipe, slippers! Gosh, some people couldn't know what love was!"

Paw looked over the top of the paper at James William, who immediately registered oblivion, deep and impenetrable.

"Son, that's an annoying cold you have, isn't it?"

James William gulped as his sister looked scornful triumph at him. Nevertheless a hint was all that was needed. James William had too often experienced the tingling feeling of those same dispised slippers, to rashly disregard the discreet hint. Hints from Paw were self-sufficient with James William. A dirty rag of a handkerchief was brought forth from somewhere about his person and the tip of his nose gingerly pinched. Then grabbing a nondescript looking, striped affair, which could not possibly cover the tips of his ears, James William indignantly left the family circle.

Outside the air was brisk and a hint of snow was glittering through the fast darkening streets. James Williams' thoughts, as he tramped through

the evening dusk, soared until they pinnacled about the time when he would be a man in years and Muriel Lourena and he would live in a splendid house; and he would run a show and candy shop and ice cream parlor combined. Say, that was some idea! It's a wonder someone hadn't had brains enough before now to think of that! James William squinted his eyes in appreciation of the fact that he had thought of it, and dug his hands deeper into his pockets, slightly stiffening his elbows and neck, thus giving him the appearance of a pompous-looking old man.

"Gee! It's sure gettin' cold," he soliloquized, then, having reached his destination, he turned and looked up and down the street. Being satisfied as to his solitude, he gave vent to a queer sound. A cross between a yowl and a whine it was, ending up in a wheezy screech. Wierd and unmusical; low but penetrating.

He then sat down on the porch steps and waited, groping in his pocket for the precious scrap of paper. A full minute passed and nothing happened. "Mewrrrouwhe-whee-ee."

The door flew open and Muriel Lourena's mother stepped out on the porch.

"Land's sakes Jimmy, come on in. Did your mother send you over?"

In an agony of bashfulness James William tugged at his cap. Paw Schmuckle glanced up genially and bade the boy be seated.

"Well, Jim, looks like a big snow coming. Suppose you youngsters will be tickled! Get out your sleds and red mittens." His voice ended in an indistinct murmur as he was lost in his evening paper.

Mrs. Schmuckle looked thoughtfully at James William, sideling over to sit on the outer edge of a straight, rockerless chair.

"Have you a cold son? I thought I heard someone coughing pretty badly out there just now."

James William painfully crossed his feet, as he dumbly nodded.

"And out with no overshoes, too? Jimmie, I'm afraid your mam doesn't do much looking after you. Here, let me give you a dose of Muriel Lourena's cough medicine. Renie, Oh, Renie, come here! Here's a little playmate for you." Muriel Lorena stepped in back of her father and stood looking at James William with a broad grin on her face. "Lordy, what was there to laugh at? Just like a girl though."

A sickly smile overspread the pale, perspiring countenance of James William. Mrs. Schmuckle bustled out, then in again with a huge bottle in one hand and a tablespoon in the other. James William swallowed jerkily and Muriel Lourena's grin deepened. As Maw Schmuckle poured out a generous dose, Muriel Lourena made a gurgling noise, then coughed innocently enough.

"There's a good dozen doses in here yet, Jimmie, and you can—here open your mouth wider than that—take it home to your Mam—the directions she'll find on the outside, tell her."

"Why, that isn't bad. What are you making such a face for? Here, Renie, fetch Jimmie a piece of your stick candy Paw bought you!" With hand over wide-spread mouth Muriel Lorena left the room and soon returned with a paper sack in one hand which she extended toward James William with a polite, "Have some?"

The mouth of the sack was tightly twisted and James William had to

bring both hands into play as he fumbled to reach the contents. At last he extracted a piece of flagrantly red and white stripped stick candy and muttered his thanks. With a murmur James William reached for his cap and then shuffled toward the door, when good Mrs. Schmueckle thrust a newspaper wrapped package in his unwilling hands.

"And don't forget to take it every two hours, and tell your mom she owes me a visit. Tell her to bring you along, Jimmy. You and Renie would have a nice time together. Goodbye."

With a hoarse ejaculation James William, the lover, shot down the porch steps, not waiting for the door to close. Looking back he saw maw Schmueckle's beaming face framed in the lighted doorway and Lourena Muriel was standing demurely at her side.

Cautiously he rounded the corner and crossed the street. A little farther down he dashed the bottle against the frozen pavement and grinned exultantly as the thick, brown liquid darkened the paper and the thin layer of snow. Next went the candy. It was crushed 'neath the sturdy heels of his thick shoes—and then James William solemnly slouched homeward.

Thrusting his hands deep in his pockets he encountered a bit of wrinkled paper. Gingerly he pulled it out. Tenderly, sorrowfully he read it! And, man-like, angrily tore it into shreds.

OLIVE SCHELL '18.



## HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED

Aggie's fame  
Burley's dame  
Florence's name

Ina's books  
Harry's good looks  
All the cooks

Ruth's eyes  
Wilbur's ties  
Elda's guys

Norma's curls  
Paul's girls  
Mary's twirls

Kate's dance  
Cecil's glance  
Ralph's trance

Caroline's will  
Lois's skill  
Mose's thrill

Olive's pose  
Maggie's beaux  
Tibby's nose

?



## Life in the Rockies.

I wonder what that bunch of words mean. Let's see—Webster says that "life is energy." Energy is strength, and so life must be strength. Oh yes, onions are about the same as strength. While it is true that the strength of onions varies. The Alaskan onion has been found to possess the same degree of strength as its equivalent amount of life or energy. Hence life is found to compare very closely to an onion.

As we journey on and our stream of perception deepens we are dumb-founded by the little word "in." Well, it seems to me I've seen it before.

Now, I recall it. This word may be found at one end of a pin, mostly at the sticky end too. It may be found lurking at one end of most any pin. It is placed in public most frequently in a hat pin and it is here it does the most damage. It may also be seen on one of these folding pins called the "safety," but here it is entirely docile. Our safest conclusion to draw from the pin is that it is all right but not to be tampered with.

Next in our delusion comes the word "the." Now this word helps to make up theory. You all know what theory is. Some of the biggest liars of the day (or night, too) are held up as Gods for having stirred up a theory. However, the best class of people (especially the class of '18) will have nothing to do with these fakers. Since theory is all wrong, any part of it must be so too. Hence "the," a part of theory, is a thing associated with evil and must be dealt with accordingly.

"It is said, "all's well that ends well." Now let us examine the final of our mess. Rockies have a tendency to remind one of a baby cab experiences. Or it might remind some of the Rockie-Bye Baby songs and chants. However, one is compelled by nature to associate rocky with light springy infant trucks.

Now, let us sum up our life in the rockies and we have the following action. It is one of an onion being struck on a baby cart by means of a pin and it is of course an absolute falsehood. And as for the rest of it, just imagine yourself enjoying life in the Rockies and may be it won't be so bad after all.

PAUL HALLADAY '18.



WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS? ASKED THE SPHINX.

"Push," said the button.

"Never be lead," said the pencil.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

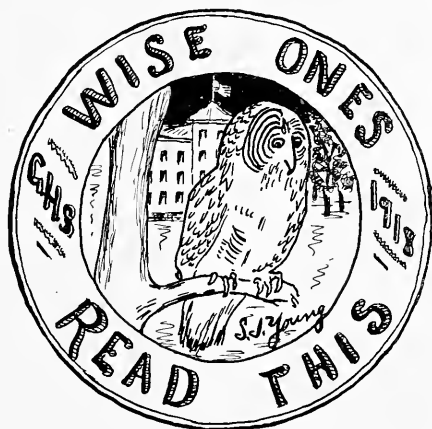
"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower. "Even I always carry a pistol."



*We will not buy your dry goods,  
We won't like you any more;  
You'll be sorry when you see us  
Trading at some other store.*

*You can't sell us any ribbons,  
Four-in-hands and other fads,  
We will never trade at your store,  
But at those who gave us ads.*

# Lumber Will Not Be Cheaper

*Here Is One Reason!*

THE Government's immense powder plant to be erected near Nashville, Tenn., in a bend of the Cumberland River will require 250,000,000 feet of lumber. The plant will be the most extensive one in the world, and will occupy 5,000 acres. It is next to impossible for even a lumberman to visualize this quantity of lumber. In order that one may do so more clearly, we have reduced the number of feet to terms of car loads. It will require 12,500 large freight cars to transport it. If all these cars could be placed in one string, coupled together, they would reach from Greenville to Columbus, Ohio, and ten miles beyond.

**The P. Kuntz & Wright Lumber Company**

GREENVILLE, OHIO

Phone 302.





George—"Isn't Florence brilliant?"

Olive—"She ought to be, she never uses powder?"

---

**NOTICE: WE ARE THE ONLY STORE IN GREENVILLE  
THAT SELLS THE WOOLTEX GARMENTS.**

---

To have a charming Wooltex Coat or Suit is to have authentic style and thorough tailoring. We present for your inspection many beautiful models and many of them are very moderate in price; each garment is a true distinction in design and color.

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KAYSER  
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PRINCELY and  
EMPEROR  
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CLUB and  
BILT-RITE  
CLOTHES

# THE MOZART

*Where buying is never a disappointment*

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**OMER E. WESTERFIELD**

**Pianos of Quality  
Victrolas**

**The Best the Market Affords.**

*If you wish to Save Money  
then call at*

**Ungericht Shoe Store**

*Where you get good grades of Footwear  
at Reasonable Prices.*

Carl Stubbs—"I wonder what kind of brakes an aeroplane has?"  
Herbert H.—"Why, air brakes, of course."

Soldier Boy—"The fourth cylinder is missing."

Helen R.—"Beats all how those things get away."

Soldier—"Better put padlocks on them."

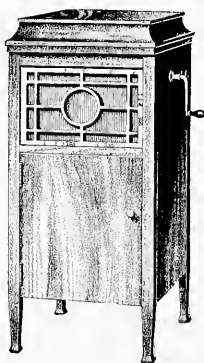
**GUS McCABE AND HIS JITNEY.**

"That man your machine knocked over says he has the number of your machine."

"What did he say it was, sixty-six?"

"Its ninety-nine. He was standing on his head when he saw it."

*The*  
**Brunswick**  
ALL THE RECORDS IN ONE



Period  
Furniture



*Huddle Furniture Shoppe*

526 BROADWAY



**BUCHANAN'S**

*Home-Made Candies  
and Frozen Danties*

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*First Impressions Go a Long Ways.*

Just as a pink lining in the brim of a hat casts a fascinating glow upon the face of the wearer, so do certain effects in wall paper make the most effective background for the hostess and her guests. Our assortment covers the widest range in coloring, design and price.

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355 Twelfth St.

Phone 361-Red

A pony in Latin is worth two in the pasture.

Mr. Roehm (holding up a patent leather belt) "Did any of you girls lose a belt?"

Clyde Harp (Feeling at his belt) "Wait a minute."

The early bird gets the worm, but the late guy gets a tardy mark.

"If your tongue was frozen to a pump handle what would you do?"

"Holler for some one."

"No, you would have to talk through your nose."

Conductor—"Your fare miss."

Caroline Bryson—"Do you think so?"

Mr. Eber (In arranging a history folder said) "Has anyone here a clean back? I have'nt."

Soph.—"I do declare, you belong to the 17th of March."

Freshman—"Hump, I think the first of April most appropriate to you."

Miss Cowles—"Have you been measured for your wings yet?"

Veo L.—"I didn't know I was to have any."

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striving for a home

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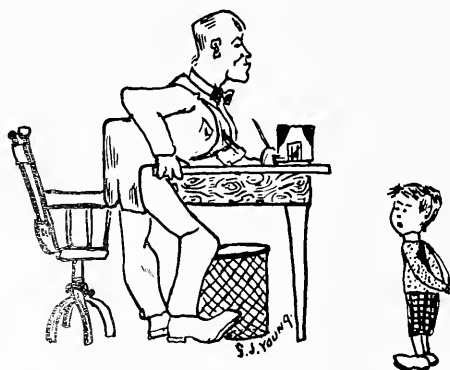


## Brodrick's Book Store

"CAN SUPPLY  
YOUR NEEDS"



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A FRESHMAN'S TRIALS.

Geo.—"I've had something on the tip of my tongue for a long time, dear."  
Olive—"Why don't you see a doctor?"

Ruth Menke, seeing an advertisement for a dish washer at the Laurie-  
more Restaurant. "Oh, I guess I will go and apply."

We all wonder why.

## **I. O. YOUNG**

For My  
**LIFE INSURANCE**

HE REPRESENTS

**The Equitable Life of Ohio**

Stability Evidenced by 51 Years, Lowest Net Cost  
Insurance Written Today

**Phone 645-Black**

## Stecker's

EXCLUSIVE

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## NORRIS BROS.

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Vulcanizing*

RETREADING and RUBBER TIRING

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Greenville, Ohio

## C. R. LEFTWICH

**Pianos, Player Pianos,  
Phonographs**

**Call and Hear Them**

**411 BROADWAY**

---

Mr. Wheeler—"Name some public servants."

Ford—"Oh these fellows that go to Congress, clean streets, haul trash and teach school."

Sonny—"Say, Pop, what's French dressing?"

Papa—"Just go take a look at the woman who runs Paris fashion shop."

Norma Wilson translating in the Spanish class, hesitates on translating "Three months of Hell."

"Mrs. Patterson—"Homer, you translate that, Norma isn't used to those words."

---

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Mixed with good, clean gravel,  
Make highways that stand.

## *Greenville Gravel Co.*

Hordes of autos now remind us  
We should build our roads to stay,  
When departing leave behind us  
Kind that rains don't wash away.

When our children pay the mortgage  
Fathers made to haul their loads,  
They'll not have to ask the question,  
Here's the bonds, but where the roads?

---



MAKING HIS "LAB" REPORT.

Down in Chemistry Lab. we go,  
To squirt at each other  $H_2O$ .

We put a little  $zn$  in a bottle  
Plus some  $H_2SO_4$   
Then we light a match close by  
And the bottle is no more.

Into a test tube we put  
A little  $HClO_3$   
But when we put it near the fire  
The stuff went on a spree.

When things begin to look serious  
We drop everything we've got,  
Then we survey the broken glass—  
Another quarter is shot.

PAUL DOUGLASS '19.

---

JOHN H. BOLLINGER

**Auto  
Liveryman**

110 Martin St.

Call 563-Red

---

**FROST & SPENCE**

*The Home of Flowers*



*WHEN you want Plants or Cut Flowers for any occasion Telephone 171 and receive Prompt Service.*

---

A Bishop was one day addressing a Sunday School, when he said in a most expressive way: "And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday School where little boys and girls can spend their Sunday. Now, what should we all try, and save up our money, and do?"

And the class as one voice replied, "Go to Africa."

Fred Place—"Why do they use the expression, 'Laughing up your coat sleeve?'"

Kemper W.—"I don't know, why?"

Fred—"Because, that's where your funny bone is."

Why is George Washington described as "First in war and first in peace?"

"I dunno, but I suspect somebody was trying to square him with both the preparedness people and the pacifists."

Ford—"Hey Freshie, have you bought your Annual yet?"

Disloyal Freshie—"No, I hain't goin' to neither 'til my class graduates."

Ford—"Oh, I forgot that it costs you fifty cents a week to buy bottles of milk."

Famous High School orator addressing the school on preparedness: "America is preparing; why even the flowers carry pistols."

---

Nothing Like It, Nothing as Good as

**H. A. WILLSON'S**

**Jersey Ice Cream  
and Ices**

320 Broadway

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

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GROCER**

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*Willys* *Overland*

MOTOR CARS



**E. R. SWINGER**

Phone 139

114-118 East Third St.,

GREENVILLE, OHIO

---



A FRESHMAN'S MONTHLY HARVEST.

Ungericht had just come from one of those heated debates in history and he approached Esther M. "Esther, do you believe in fate?"

Esther, with downward glances at Earl, said, "And sure I do if size has any thing to do with it."

Teacher—"Now you know that sight travels faster than sound."

Glen M.—"I think that's just the other way. One day I heard Mr. Metzger give the explanation of a problem and it was thirty minutes before I could see it."

---



# The Peoples Store

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Call us up for anything and get our Price First

Free Delivery

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Misses Sebring & Slonaker

Exclusive Millinery



113 West Third Street  
GREENVILLE, OHIO



Ebert—(English teacher) "Livingston, define Consecration."  
Livingston—"It is a disease, sir!"



Conserve Your Energies Each Day  
BY USING A

**Double Dexter Tub Washer**

LET US DEMONSTRATE

**Sellman & Pitts**  
**HARDWARE**

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WE clothe you with value as to style  
and quality. Value means your  
full money's worth in this store and  
we stand behind it with our guaran-  
tee of satisfaction.



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Suit and Toggery*

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Silverware

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Time 4% Deposits

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus \$20,000.00

Collections and Savings  
A General Banking Business



The Psychology of a Good Recitation.

Miss Brindley, talking about foot ball: "He was either full or half full," (meaning full back or half back).

Mr. Roehm—"Good morning, Agnes."

Miss Agnes—"Number, please?"

We have solved the problem why a woman's mind is purer than a man's. It is because she changes it so often.

A school paper is a great invention—  
The school gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money  
And the staff gets all the blame.

Miss Brindley—"Do any of you have an idea where Banquo was to be killed?"

Harry Ward—"Yes, he was to be stabbed in the heart."

Mr. McCool—I guess we will have to have a draft."

Mr. Metzger—Are we to have an age limit?"

Miss Swisher (Under her breath) "Saved!"

WHERE YOUR SHOES ARE  
PROPERLY FITTED

WHERE YOU GET  
QUALITY SHOE REPAIRING

## SATISFYING FOOTWEAR

*Different Styles For Different Tastes But Uniform Quality Always*

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For Remodeling of Ladies' Hats and Furs

CALL ON

MISS HALLIE KLINGER



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Physicians' Supplies

Agents for A. G. Spalding Bros.

Sporting Goods

Where the Best can be had, why  
experiment with Others?

Bryson & Hostetter

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

---

Metzger—"The way the paper looks this morning it looks as if Russia was going to switch around and fight with the Germans."

Ford—"Gosh, won't that be great, now the Yankees can chase the Germans clear across Russia into the Pacific Ocean."

Ralph Ford—"Do you like fish ball?"

Freshie—I don't think I ever attended one."

Our High School course: Aspiration, anticipation, exception, mystification, hard occupation, examination, short vacation, pacification, gratification, four years dedication to our vocation, but at last salvation in graduation.

---

For Young Men

There Are No Better Clothes  
in Style or Price

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***The Palace Department Store***

Kirschbaum's of Philadelphia

Adler's of Milwaukee

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

J. H. BYARD

**Auto Supplies  
and Vulcanizing**

RACINE TIRES GUARANTEED

Phone 290      111 W. Main St.

---

Ruth Swartz (who had just opened Mildred French's vanity bag.) What kind of powder do you use?"

Mildred—"Carnation."

Ruth—"Yes, Carnation Flour."

Martha M. to Ray Young in laboratory—"Be careful, Raymond, you are burning your hose."

A pupil in Biology is hesitating when called upon to recite.

Mr. Menke—"Well, George, if you can't express yourself then try parcel post."

'21—"They say King Charles got rattled when he was sentenced to death"

'18—"Yes, the poor fellow lost his head."

A Ford is like a school room. A big "crank" up in front with a lot of "nuts all around."

Citizen—"Say, what makes everything so dark in that one room at Ward's this winter?"

Student—"I don't know unless it must be the spots on the son."

Mr. Sterret—"From what animal do we get perfume?"

Fred Place—"The skunk"

---



"SO THIN IT FITS THE POCKET LIKE A SILVER DOLLAR"

Clean-cut and efficient in performance. The Gruen Verithin truly expresses the ideals and standards of this American man today. Let us show you The Gruen Verithin watch and why its thinness is in the movement,

**G. F. SCHMERMUND CO.**

303  
BROADWAY

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*Stable and Fancy*  
**GROCERIES**

Fruits and Vegetables

Cor Broadway and Fourth St. Phone 720

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## The W. H. Williams Co.

GREENVILLE, OHIO

**THINGS  
THAT  
ADVERTISE**

You can always tell a Freshie by his green looks,  
You can always tell a Soph by his stack of books,  
You can always tell a Junior by his glum looks and such,  
You can always tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

Bob Swartz (Hands a bouquet to Marie)  
Marie—"What beautiful flowers; there is still a little dew on them."  
Bob (Absent-mindedly)—"Yes, I know, but I'll pay that later."

George S., in history class, explaining the assassination of Lincoln—  
"Lincoln was shot in the balcony."

Laurimore—"Mr. Metzger, how do you spell plyers?"  
Ford—"Put down pinchers."

Mr. Roehm, in assembly—"Roof here?"  
H. Butt in the back of the room—"Ouch, here he is sitting in the seat  
back of me."

Ward—"Yes, I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years, and never  
heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"  
Kate—"That dead men tell no tales."

---

## Our Government Needs You!

*Entrance salaries \$1,100 a year, raised  
to \$1,200 in six weeks*

Our special training of Seven Months pre-  
pares you. No private work. Classes  
organized especially for this work, June  
3 and September 2, 1918.

Get into the \$1,200 a year class  
while the "getting in" is good.

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

## The York Supply Co.

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DISTRIBUTORS FOR

**BUICK CARS**  
and **GOODYEAR TIRES**

203-205 Martin St. GREENVILLE. O.



As George was going out one night,  
His mother questioned, "wither?"  
And George, not wishing to deceive,  
With blushes answered, "with her."

Dear Josh Editor:

I am nothing but a little Freshman and I try to write jokes, but they are never funny or humorous. What can I do to make them appear funny and make people laugh?

HUMOROUS LLOYD WEISENBARGER.

Dear Lloyd:

I would advise you to try and associate with some of the Seniors who think they are so humorous. For instance, Walter Gilbert or Ralph Ford.

JOSH EDITOR.

Manetta A.—"I think that we ought to charge one dollar and a half for our reception."

Mr. Roehm—"Aren't you a little dear?"

Manetta—"That's what the boys all say."

## The Greenville Electric Light & Power Co.

EXTENDS TO THE

### SENIOR CLASS OF '18

*of the Greenville High School  
its congratulations and wishes  
its members success in every  
undertaking.*

---

## **FOUTS' EMPORIUM**

FOR

### **Correct Millinery**

**GREENVILLE, OHIO**

## **Auto Inn**

### **Radiator Repairing**

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 563-Red

110 Martin St.

---

Stanley Y—"Did it ever occur to you that your brain was 4-5 water?"

Mr. Roehm—"No, how do you get that?"

Stanley—"I reasoned it out this way :4-5 brain is r-a-i-n, and rain is water, therefore your brain is 4-5 water."

Ralph Vance—"You seem mighty proud since giving 25c to Y. M. C. A."

Bob Swartz—"Yessah, talk about doing your bit, I've done my two bits."

G. Bowman—In addressing Junior class: "We will have to rent China for the Junior-Senior reception,"

Minister—"My mission on earth is to save young men."

Florence B—"I wish he'd save me one."

---

TRY

# **C. E. DAVISON**

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## **HOOD TIRES**

## **VULCANIZING**

Guaranteed

5000 Miles to 7500 Miles

A Tire of Quality

Auto Tires and Tubes

Rubber Boots and Shoes

or any kind of rubber goods

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**604 Broadway**

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---

Elizabeth Brown giving a talk on Grecian history: "I have forgotten the name of the town, but it begins with H."

Mr. Wheeler: "Hardly as bad as that."

Real Civics: "Mr. Man goes home and announces that he is going down town after supper to meet a friend. That's the initiative. The wife of the house says, 'Are you?' in that ascending voice which seems to walk over the roof of her nerves. That's the referendum. Then Mr. Man sits down and reads his paper. That's the recall. And that's all there is to it. Understand it now, don't you? Just as easy and simple as two and two makes four."

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business college. Of course the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student who asked earnestly:

"Yes, sir; but please tell us, how are we going to find the right people to pluck?"

Why does "The Chief" resemble a girl?

Because every fellow should have one of his own and not borrow the other fellow's.

---

## *Armbruster's Bread*

**FOR CONSERVATION AND HEALTH**

Rye Bread

Soy Bean Bread

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The first, of course, is quality. Through years of specialization, our organization has become unusually expert in half-tones, color plates, zinc engravings, and designs for college and school publications. We have the very best shop equipment and every facility for prompt production of quality work.

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Let Stafford make your commencement invitations, fraternity stationery, visiting cards, and any other copper plate engraving or steel die embossing. We have a large department devoted exclusively to this class of work, and can give you both quality and service. Samples with prices on request.

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*Hardware, Stoves, Implements, Etc.*

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---

Miss Kidwell (reprimanding Harry Haworth for chewing gum) "Harry I think you could recite better if you would not chew gum. It makes one tired to watch you."

Harry—"Why, Miss Kidwell, do you want some?"

Mr. Sterrett—"I think about the only use of the Greenville City Park is as a lover's lane."

Bessie B.—"How do you know?"

Sterrett—"I've been there many times myself."

"I'm not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I take interest from his work, and I discount his chances of success."

Mr. Roehm—"Stanley, you leave Agnes alone."

Agnes A.—"Oh, shoot!"

She—"I think Larry Maher is such an attractive fellow."

He—"Yes, he is a human Mag nut."

Business Manager—"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

Assistant—"I got two orders in one place."

Business Manager—"That's the stuff, what were they?"

Assistant—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

---

## *Vance's Grocery Stores*

**The Home of the Best Brands**

**RICHELIEUS FOOD PRODUCTS**

**KO-WE-BA PRODUCTS**

Bour's Coffees and Teas

**KRUG'S BREAD**

**KELLOGG FOOD PRODUCTS**

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees and Teas

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---

## *The Henry St. Clair Co.*

### *Wholesale Grocers*

*Nos. 106-108-110 W. Main St.*

*Greenville, Ohio*

---

Father—"What are you coming home with your milk pail empty for? Didn't the old cow give you anything?"

Homer—"Yes, nine quarts and one kick."

"The other day I was taking a walk, and by my surprise I came to a river."

"What did you do?"

"I sat down and thought it over."

Mother—"Helen, are you saving anything for a rainy day?"

Helen—"Yes, mother, I never wear my silk stockings around the house"

Miss Brindley—(taking the roll) "Is James ill?"

Mary Vance—"I don't think so, at least he wasn't Sunday."

Miss Brindley—"Sunday night?"

Florence Rimer and Paul Douglass talking in Biology class.

Mr. Edberts—"Having a nice chat back there? Better leave it for the parlor tonight."

Miss Swisher asks in English class—"What is the meaning of coherence and adherence?"

Giles W.—"Coherence means sticking together."

Gertrude M.—"Adherence means sticking apart."

---

## *Kolp's Select Academy of Dancing*

**THE MOOSE HALL**

*Correct and Refined Dancing*

**FALL AND SPRING TERMS**

**HOME STUDIO-236 W. Main St.**

*Exclusiveness and Satisfaction in  
Private Lessons*

You are cordially invited to become one  
of our pupils

**H. S. KOLP**

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## Gifts For Graduates

THE NEWEST STYLES IN  
**Jewelry and Watches**

**W. H. SCHINKE, Jeweler**

---

## Jacob Menke

*TAILOR for  
Ladies and Men*

311-313 BROADWAY

---

Metzger (Delivering a lecture on how we should act) "It is my duty as a nation," etc.

Metzger—"Who comes from below?"

H. Ward—"I don't know, I haven't been there."

Miss Kidwell—"What are leaves good for?"

Katzenberger—"To shade the trees, I guess."

Student—"Mr. Metzger, does O. K. mean all right?"

Mr. Metzger—"Yes."

Student—"Well, what does K. O. mean in this book?"

Mr. Metzger—"It means "Kicked Out."

Florence Byrd—"Oh, Aggie, did you ever see a rotten date?"

Aggie A.—(Sarcastically) "Yes, and I've had'em too."

"Why Walter, you don't use slang, do you?"

"No, I don't use it, but I know all the words."

Mr. Sterrett to sixth period geometry class: "I believe if they would use up some of these block heads there wouldn't be a shortage of coal."

---

## **A. N. Wilson & Sons**

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Patterns

EAT

**Edgmond  
Crackers**

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Wholesale BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Retail

Face Brick a Specialty

Best Grades of Coal

Phone 950

Front Street

GREENVILLE, OHIO

"There must be some mistake in my examination markings" complained a student, "I don't think I deserve to be marked zero."

"I don't think so either" agreed the teacher, "but it is the lowest mark that I can give you."

"Swartz got well posted in football this year."

"Is that so?"

"Sure, it put him on crutches."

Miss Kidwell (English) "Mr. Garley went fishing and the result was that he caught a trout."

Forest Winters—"Pardon me, Miss Kidwell, but Mr. Patterson went fishing and caught a Trout."

Mr. Metzger—"John O., what is the unit of power?"

John (starting up half asleep) "what (watt) sir?"

Mr. Metzger—"Quite right."

## Steinmetz, The Tailor 440 Broadway

PHONE 620

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Distributors



MOSE

Psychology teaches that women are the hardest of all problems to understand. The reason of this is that you can not read their thoughts by their faces. They have so much powder on them.

No word was spoken when they met  
By either—sad or gay  
But one badly smitten was,  
'Twas mentioned the next day.  
They met by chance this autumn eve  
With neither glance nor bow,  
They often come together, so  
A freight train and a cow.

Mr. Metzger says you don't need to get it exactly 45, that 44.999999 will do very nicely.

If the world is a stage then the Kaiser is one of the hunks that's tearing up the scenery.

A Senior is a person who is graduating from something he knows nothing about into something he knows less about.



**Burdge**

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**BROADWAY**



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JNO. KOESTER, Pres.      ADELBERT MARTZ, Cash.  
H. T. LECKLIDER, Ass. Cash.      EARL KLINE, Ass. Cash.  
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**New James**  
GREENVILLE'S LEADING HOSTELRY

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**Daisy Flour & Feed Store**

M. G. DEMOREST, Proprietor

*Flour, Feed, Hay, Straw,  
Chicken Feed and Hess'  
Stock Food.*

125 East Third St.

Phone 169

GREENVILLE, OHIO

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Thermometers are the only things that are graduated and get degrees without brains.

Miss Caldwell, looking through Mary Wade's ledger: "Mary, where are the dates in this column?"

Mary—"Oh, that's when I didn't have a date for a long time."

Miss Winger—"Lloyd, please quit acting like a monkey and act like a boy this period."

Result—Quiet.

Mr. Metzger (in chemistry) "William, what is water glass?"

William—"Some kind of a drinking cup."

---



Your new suit for spring and summer will be smart and full of individuality if you buy here. We have all the woolens and styles of the moment, we are able to supply every requirement. We back up our recognition of special fashions and fabrics with a very large display from

**Fashion Park Tailors** and the shops of **Griffon Ultra Clothes**

All suits altered and made to fit you perfectly in our own tailor shop.

**MONG CLOTHING CO.**

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Prices That Please  
Pictures That Please

Garver's

117 MARTIN ST.

Frank D. Meeker

*Real Estate  
and Loans*

GREENVILLE, OHIO

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Coal Hauler—"Say, who started that collection of stuffed birds down on West Water Street?"

Neighbor—"I don't know what your talking about"

Coal Hauler—"I saw a stuffed pelican sitting in a window down there."

Neighbor—"Oh, that's not a pelican, that's Glen Mathews, he's got the mumps."

Mrs. Patterson—"Be still, Forest, he is trying to talk."

Forest Winters—"Can't he talk yet?"

Prof.—"A fool can ask more questions than a bright man can answer."

Student—"No wonder so many of us flunk in exams."

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BOOKER & ROESER

*Cash Grocers*



Fancy Fruits,  
Vegetables and  
Staple Goods



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Cor. Third and Broadway

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Buchy & Gross

*Cash Grocery  
and Meat Market*



107 West Third Street

Phone 218

AUTO DELIVERY

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When buying Feeds, Seeds, Fertilizers and Coal it will pay you to investigate our goods. We stand at the head of the class of *Quality, Service and Low Price.*

CALL PHONE 57 AND WE'LL PROVE THE STATEMENT

Yours For Business

## WENRICK & MOTE

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Sugar M.—“Pardon me miss—er—but am I crowding you?”

Sophia—“What are you giving up for Lent?”

“Tibby” Kemble—“Marline.”

Helen Miller—“Do you know what public office Margaret Markwith is running for now?”

Gertrude M.—“No, what?”

Helen Miller—“Maher” (Mayor).

---

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LATH  
SHINGLES

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404 Broadway

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WAR TIME RECIPE

Take a piece of white paper and a lead pencil, and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a sauce pan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with a lead pencil, which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours, then coax the hen away from the sauce pan and serve the soup hot.

Mr. Metzger (in chemistry) "Esther, give me the formula for soap."  
Esther Stonerock—"What kind of soap?"

Mr. Sterrett—"As a fish has no eyelids, there isn't much danger of one fish winking at another."

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**HENRY F. WIEBUSCH**

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**ROOFING**

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**219 Grey Avenue**

**GREENVILLE, OHIO**

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ESTABLISHED 1902

## The Citizens State Bank

GREENVILLE, OHIO

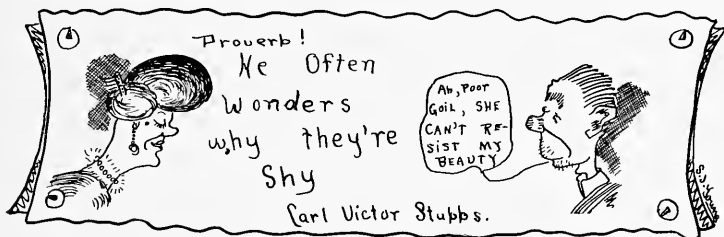
*We pay interest on time deposit and do a general banking business.*

## City Bakery

FOR

Good Bread, Pies and  
Cakes of All Kinds

L. METZCAR, Prop.



Why is Stanley Young's hat like our High School?  
Because it nearly covers a block.

## The Second National Bank

Capital and Surplus \$225,000.00

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G. L. HELM, Vice-President

W. B. MARSHALL, Cashier

W. R. CULBERTSON, Asst. Cashier

ALVA WARNER, Teller

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"442"

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We have over \$63,000,000 worth of Insurance in force

**J. C. W. COPPESS, District Manager**

**Greenville, Ohio**

Old Dame: "Ten pence a pound for candles. That's very dear, ain't it?"

Grocer—"Yes, but you see they are dearer now on account of the war."

Old Dame—(in surprise) "Lor' a massy, you don't say so. An' be they a fightin' by candle light now?"

Marie Pearce, entering the school building on a bright sunny day and upon missing her glasses exclaimed, "Why 'Peg' McClellan, you look black"  
"Peg" McClellan—"Why I am to a certain extent."

Olive Pearce—"I have all the Seniors' names down now except two, that I can't think of—."

Kate W.—"Well, whom have you forgotten?"

## **The Fashion Shop**

**Society Brand Clothes**

**For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young**



**Styleplus, Known Price Clothes**

**ED MONG**

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GREENVILLE, OHIO

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# Oak Restaurant

A PLACE TO EAT

For Season's Best : : For Service

S. BROADWAY

## O'BRIEN



## The Florist

146 N. Broadway

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### ENGLISH IN ADVERTISING

The following examples of how to write English are gleaned from advertisements:

For Sale, \$5 Suits; they won't last long.

Bathing suits reduced to almost nothing.

Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come inside.

For Rent—A room suitable for a gentleman, 12x15 feet.

Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride a bicycle.

Shirts laundered in the rear.

Wanted—Ten girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor.

Shoes half-soled on the inside while you wait for 25 cents.

Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted and framed for \$8.79.

---

## Farmers National Bank

CAPITAL \$260,000

CONRAD KIPP, President and Director

GEO. W. SIGAFOOS, Cashier

JOSEPH MENKE, Asst. Cashier and Director

H. S. KOLP, Asst. Cashier

H. E. HUFNAGLE, Vice-Pres. and Director

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Have your Car overhauled this  
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Have your Cylinders rebored and your  
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REMEMBER—"A Stitch in Time"

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## Hahn Bros.

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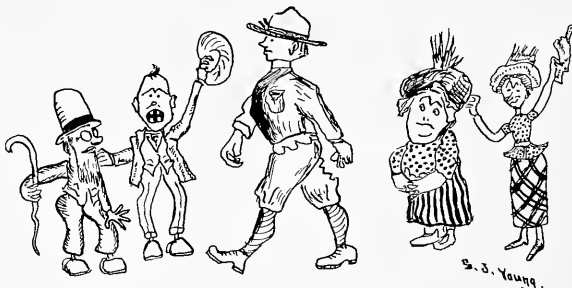
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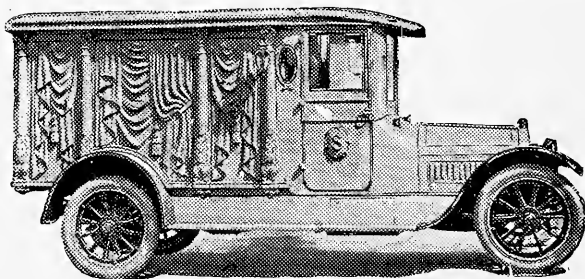
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